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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

[*Continuation of* BOOK XII.]

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glaſs of wine, named the health of the good Squire Allworthy; adding, 'If you pleaſe, Sir, we will likewiſe remember his nephew and heir, the young Squire: come, Sir, here's Mr. Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare ſwear, will hereafter make a very conſiderable figure in his country. I have a borough for him myſelf in my eye.'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I am convinced you don't intend to affront me, ſo I ſhall not reſent it; but, I promiſe you, you have joined two perſons very improperly together; for one is the glory of the human ſpecies, and the other is a raſcal who diſhonours the name of man.'

Dowling ſtared at this. He ſaid, 'He thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. As for Squire Allworthy himſelf,' ſays he,

he, 'I never had the happineſs to ſee him; but all 'the world talks of his goodneſs. And, indeed, as 'to the young gentleman, I never ſaw him but once, 'when I carried him the news of the loſs of his mo-'ther; and then I was ſo hurried, and drove, and 'tore with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I had 'hardly time to converſe with him; but he looked 'ſo like a very honeſt gentleman, and behaved him-'ſelf ſo prettily, that I proteſt I never was more de-'lighted with any gentleman ſince I was born.'

'I don't wonder,' anſwered Jones, 'that he ſhould 'impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort an acquaintance; for 'he hath the cunning of the devil himſelf, and you 'may live with him many years without diſcovering 'him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, 'and we were hardly ever aſunder: but it is very 'lately only, that I have diſcovered half the villainy 'which is in him. I own I never greatly liked him. 'I thought he wanted that generoſity of ſpirit, which 'is the ſure foundation of all that is great and noble 'in human nature. I ſaw a ſelfiſhneſs in him long 'ago which I deſpiſed; but it is lately, very lately, 'that I have found him capable of the baſeſt and 'blackeſt deſigns; for, indeed, I have at laſt found 'out, that he hath taken an advantage of the open-'neſs of my own temper, and hath concerted the 'deepeſt project, by a long train of wicked arti-'fice, to work my ruin, which at laſt he hath ef-'fected.'

'Ay! ay!' cries Dowling, 'I proteſt then it is a 'pity ſuch a perſon ſhould inherit the great eſtate of 'your uncle Allworthy.'

'Alas, Sir,' cries Jones, 'you do me an honour 'to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his 'goodneſs once allowed me the liberty of calling him 'by a much nearer name; but as this was only a 'voluntary act of goodneſs, I can complain of no in-'juſtice when he thinks proper to deprive me of this 'honour; ſince the loſs cannot be more unmerited

'than

'than the gift originally was. I assure you, Sir, I 'am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world, 'who are incapable of setting a true value on his 'virtue, should think, in his behaviour to me, he 'hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an injustice 'to the best of men: for I———but I ask your par-'don, I shall trouble you with no particulars relat-'ing to myself; only as you seemed to think me a 'relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought proper to set 'you right in a matter that might draw some cen-'sures upon him, which I promise you I would 'rather lose my life than give occasion to.'

'I protest, Sir,' cried Dowling, 'you talk very 'much like a man of honour; but instead of giving 'me any trouble, I protest it would give me great 'pleasure to know how you came to be thought a re-'lation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your 'horses won't be ready this half hour, and as you 'have sufficient opportunity, I wish you would tell 'me how all that happened; for I protest it seems 'very surprising, that you should pass for a relation 'of a gentleman without being so.'

Jones, who in the compliance of his disposition (tho' not in his prudence) a little resembled his lovely Sophia, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling's curiosity, by relating the history of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

———even from his boyish years,
To th' very moment he was bade to tell;

the which to hear, Dowling, like Desdemona, did *seriously incline*;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not divested himself of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjust than to carry our prejudices against a profession

into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, leſſens the horror of thoſe actions which the profeſſion makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but in all other inſtances, nature works in men of all profeſſions alike; nay, perhaps, even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary buſineſs. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the ſlaughter of a fine horſe; and though a ſurgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compaſſionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hangman, who hath ſtretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt operation on a head: and the very profeſſors of human-blood-ſhedding, who in their trade of war, butcher thouſands, not only of their fellow profeſſors, but often of women and children without remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil ſociety. In the ſame manner an attorney may feel all the miſeries and diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters he did not ſhow them in the moſt diſadvantageous light: for though he was unwilling to caſt any blame on his former friend and patron, yet he was not very deſirous of heaping too much upon himſelf. Dowling therefore obſerved, and not without reaſon, that very ill offices muſt have been done him by ſome body: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the Squire 'would never have diſinherited you only for a few 'faults, which any young gentleman might have 'committed. Indeed, I cannot properly ſay diſin-

'herited;

'herited; for, to be ſure, by law you cannot claim 'as heir. That's certain; that no body need go to 'counſel for. Yet when a gentleman had in a man-'ner adopted you thus as his own ſon, you might 'reaſonably have expected ſome very conſiderable 'part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected 'the whole, I ſhould not have blamed you: 'for certainly all men are for getting as much as 'they can, and they are not to be blamed on that 'account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhould 'have been contented with very little: I never had 'any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, I 'believe, I may truly ſay, I never once conſidered 'what he could or might give me. This I ſolemnly 'declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew 'in my favour, I would have undone it again. I had 'rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of ano-'ther man. What is the poor pride ariſing from a 'magnificent houſe, a numerous equipage, a ſplendid 'table, and from all the other advantages or ap-'pearances of fortune, compared to the warm, ſolid 'content, the ſwelling ſatisfaction, the thrilling tranſ-'ports, and the exulting triumphs, which a good 'mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, 'virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not 'Bliſil in the proſpect of his wealth; nor ſhall I en-'vy him in the poſſeſſion of it. I would not think 'myſelf a raſcal half an hour, to exchange ſituations. 'I believe, indeed, Mr. Bliſil ſuſpected me of the 'views you mention; and I ſuppoſe theſe ſuſpicions, 'as they aroſe from the baſeneſs of his own heart, ſo 'they occaſioned his baſeneſs to me. But, I thank 'heaven, I know, I feel,——I feel my innocence, 'my friend; and I would not part with that feeling 'for the world—For as long as I know I have never 'done, or even deſigned an injury to any being 'whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone, ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem *.

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and filling Dowling's glaſs likewiſe up to the brim, inſiſted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miſs Lalage's health, with 'all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have heard her 'toaſted often, I proteſt, though I never ſaw her; 'but they ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this ſpeech which Dowling did not perfectly underſtand, yet there was ſomewhat in it, that made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, ſneering, and grinning, to hide the impreſſion from Jones, (for we are as often aſhamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he ſecretly approved as much of his ſentiments as he underſtood, and really felt a very ſtrong impulſe of compaſſion for him. But we may poſſibly take ſome other opportunity of commenting upon this, eſpecially we ſhould happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the courſe of our hiſtory. At preſent,

* Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-louring clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles.

Mr. FRANCIS.

preſent, we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no ſooner informed, by Partridge, that his horſes were ready, than he depoſited his reckoning, wiſhed his companions a good night, mounted, and ſet forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it juſt then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The diſaſters which beſel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the ſage remarks of Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have miſſed their way, had it not been for the two reaſons mentioned in the concluſion of the laſt chapter.

Theſe two circumſtances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much leſs frequented track, and after riding full ſix miles, inſtead of arriving at the ſtately ſpires of Coventry, they found themſelves ſtill in a very dirty lane, where they ſaw no ſymptoms of approaching the ſuburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they muſt certainly have loſt their way; but this the guide inſiſted upon was impoſſible; a word which, in common converſation, is often uſed to ſignify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, ſometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is ſo frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a diſtance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as uſual to aſſert the impoſſibility of loſing what is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the caſe at preſent; for notwithſtanding all the confident aſſertions of the lad

to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miſer is in the road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, eaſy for a reader who hath never been in thoſe circumſtances, to imagine the horror with which darkneſs, rain, and wind, fill perſons who have loſt their way in the night; and who, conſequently, have not the pleaſant proſpect of warm fires, dry clothes, and other refreſhments, to ſupport their minds in ſtruggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their road; and the boy himſelf at laſt acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; tho' he affirmed, at the ſame time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſſed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He ſaid, 'when they firſt ſet out, he imagined ſome miſ-'cheif or other would happen.—Did not you obſerve, 'Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, that old woman who ſtood at 'the door juſt as you was taking horſe? I wiſh you 'had given her a ſmall matter, with all my heart; 'for ſhe ſaid then, you might repent it; and at that 'very inſtant it began to rain, and the wind hath con-'tinued riſing ever ſince. Whatever ſome people 'may think, I am very certain it is in the power of 'witches to raiſe the wind whenever they pleaſe. I 'have ſeen it happen very often in my time: and if 'ever I ſaw a witch in all my life, that old woman 'was certainly one. I thought ſo to myſelf at that 'very time; and if I had any halfpence in my pocket 'I would have given her ſome; for to be ſure it is 'always good to be charitable to thoſe ſort of people 'for fear what may happen; and many a perſon hath 'loſt his cattle by ſaving a halfpenny.'

Jones, tho' he was horribly vexed at the delay which this

this miſtake was likely to occaſion on his journey, could not help ſmiling at the ſuperſtition of his friend, which an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horſe; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his clothes.

Partridge had no ſooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as concluſive evidence of all he had aſſerted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, anſwered with a ſmile: 'this witch of yours Partridge, 'is a moſt ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, diſ'tinguiſh her friends from others in her reſentment. 'If the old lady had been angry with me for neglect'ing her, I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould tumble you 'from your horſe, after all the reſpect you have ex'preſſed for her.'

'It is ill jeſting,' cries Partridge, 'with people 'who have power to do theſe things; for they are 'often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who 'provoked one of them, by aſking her when the time 'ſhe had bargained with the devil for, would be out; 'and within three months from that very day one 'of his beſt cows was drowned. Nor was ſhe ſatisfied 'with that; for a little time afterwards he loſt a bar'rel of beſt-drink: for the old witch pulled out the 'ſpigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very 'firſt evening he had tapped it, to make merry with 'ſome of his neighbours. In ſhort, nothing ever 'thrived with him afterwards; for ſhe worried the 'poor man ſo, that he took to drinking, and in a year 'or two his ſtock was ſeized, and he and his family 'are now come to the pariſh.'

The guide, and perhaps his horſe too, were both ſo attentive to this diſcourſe, that, either thro' want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both ſprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the ſame cauſe. He told Mr. Jones, 'it 'would certainly be his turn next;' and earneſtly intreated

treated him, 'to return back, and find out the old 'woman, and pacify her.' We shall very soon, added he, 'reach the inn: for tho' we have seemed to 'go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I 'dare swear, if it was day-light, we might now see 'the inn we set out from.'

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his clothes very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP. XII

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion.

THEY now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a *Jack with the Lantern*, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallooing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of music. Indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had

had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows. 'Either 'we advance,' says he, 'towards the lights, or the 'lights have advanced towards us; for we are now 'at a very little distance from them; but how can 'either of you be afraid of a set of people who ap-'pear only to be merry-making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries Partridge; 'who could 'be merry-making at this time of night, and in such 'a place, and such weather? They can be nothing 'but ghosts or witches, or some evil spirits or other, 'that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am 'resolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to 'Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not such ill-'natured hags as that we had the misfortune to meet 'with last.'

'Oh Lord, Sir!' cries Partridge, 'there is no 'knowing what humour they will be in; to be sure 'it is always best to be civil to them; but what if 'we should meet with something worse than witches, 'with evil spirits themselves?—Pray, Sir, be advised; 'pray, Sir, do. If you have read so many terrible 'accounts as I have of these matters, you would not 'be so fool-hardy.—The Lord knows whither we 'have got already, or whither we are going; for sure 'such darkness was never seen upon earth, and I 'question whether it can be darker in the other 'world.'

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noiſes had iſſued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn where a great number of men and women were aſſembled, and were diverting themſelves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough voice from within demanded, who was there?—To which Jones gently anſwered, A friend; and immediately aſked the road to Coventry.

'If you are a friend,' cries another of the men in the barn, 'you had better alight till the ſtorm is over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) 'you 'are very welcome to put up your horſe; for there 'is ſufficient room for him at one end of the barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned Jones; 'and I 'will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilſt the 'rain continues; and here are two more who will 'be glad of the ſame favour.' This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt inclemency of the weather, than have truſted to the clemency of thoſe whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor poſt-boy was now infected with the ſame apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one becauſe he durſt not leave his horſe, and the other becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this hiſtory been writ in the days of ſuperſtition, I ſhould have had too much compaſſion for the reader to have left him ſo long in ſuſpenſe, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in perſon, with all his helliſh retinue; but as theſe doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate, and have but few if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch terrors. To ſay truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as rubbiſh, capable only

of

of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever ſit.

However, though we do not ſuſpect raiſing any great terror on this occaſion, we have reaſon to fear ſome other apprehenſions may here ariſe in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy land, and to introduce a ſet of beings into our hiſtory, which ſcarce any one was ever childiſh enough to believe, though many have been fooliſh enough to ſpend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any ſuch ſuſpicions, ſo prejudicial to the credit of an hiſtorian, who profeſſes to draw his materials from nature only, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader who theſe people were, whoſe ſudden appearance had ſtruck ſuch terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the boſt-boy, and had a little ſurprized even Mr. Jones himſelf.

The people then aſſembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or as they are vulgarly called Gypſies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their ſociety.

It is impoſſible to conceive a happier ſet of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmoſt mirth indeed ſhewed itſelf in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country aſſembly is ſometimes conducted with: for theſe people are ſubject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magiſtrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewiſe was no where to be ſeen, than what flouriſhed in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the gueſts require any. Here was good ſtore of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one preſent provided better ſauce himſelf, than the beſt and deareſt French cook can prepare.

Æneas

Æneas is not deſcribed under more conſternation in the temple of Juno

Dum ſtupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he ſaw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with aſtoniſhment, a venerable perſon approached him with many friendly ſalutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypſies himſelf. He was very little diſtinguiſhed in dreſs from his ſubjects, nor had he any regalia of majeſty to ſupport his dignity; and yet there ſeemed (as Mr. Jones ſaid) to be ſomewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inſpired the beholders with an idea of awe and reſpect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that ſuch ideas are incident to power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

There was ſomewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comelineſs of perſon, greatly recommended him at firſt ſight to every beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heighten'd in the preſent inſtance, by that profound reſpect which he paid to the king of the Gypſies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the ſweeter to his Gypſeian majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch homage from any but his own ſubjects.

The king ordered a table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their proviſions for his accommodation; and having placed himſelf at his right-hand, his majeſty began to diſcourſe our hero in the following manner:

'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often ſeen ſome 'of my people, who are what you call de parties 'detache: for dey go about every where; but me fancy you imagine not we be ſo conſidrable body as we be; and may be you will ſurpriſe more,

'when

'when you hear de Gypſy be as orderly and well 'govern people as any upon face of de earth.

'Me have honour, as me ſay, to be deir king, 'and no monarch can do boaſt of more dutiful ſub- 'ject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deſerve 'deir good-will, me no ſay; but dis me can ſay, 'dat me never deſign any thing but to do them 'good. Me ſall no do boaſt of dat neider: for what 'can me do otherwiſe dan conſider of de good of 'doſe poor people, who go about all day to give me 'always the beſt of what dey get. Dey love and 'honour me derefore, becauſe me do love and take 'care of dem; dat is all, me know no oder reaſon.

'About a touſand or two touſand years ago, me 'cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write 'nor read, dere was a great what you call,—a volu- 'tion among de Gypſy; for dere was de lord Gypſy 'in doſe days; and doſe lord did quarrel vid one 'anoder about de place; but de king of de Gypſy 'did demoliſh dem all, and made all his ſubject 'equal vid each oder; and ſince dat time dey have 'agree very well: for dey no tink of being king, 'and may be it be better for dem as dey be; for me 'aſſure you it be ver troubleſome ting to be king, 'and always to do juſtice; me have often wiſh to be 'de private Gypſy when me have been forced to 'puniſh my dear friend and relation; for dough we 'never put to death, our puniſhments be ver ſe- 'vere. Dey make de Gypſy aſhamed of demſelves, 'and dat be ver terrible puniſhment; me ave 'ſcarce ever known de Gypſy ſo puniſh do harm 'any more.'

The king then proceeded to expreſs ſome wonder that there was no ſuch puniſhment as ſhame in other governments. Upon which Jones aſſured him to the contrary: for that there were many crimes for which ſhame was inflicted by the Engliſh laws, and that it was indeed one conſequence of all puniſhment. 'Dat 'be ver ſtrange,' ſaid the king; 'for me know and

'hears

'hears a good deal of your people, dough me no 'live among dem; and me have often hear dat shain 'is de consequence and de cause too of many of your 'rewards. Are your rewards and punishments den 'de same ting?'

While his majesty was thus discoursing with Jones, a sudden uproar arose in the barn, and, as it seems, upon this occasion: the courtesy of these people had by degrees removed all the apprehensions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their food, but to taste some of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his composition, and in its stead introduced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female Gypsy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pretending to tell his fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypsy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the husband of the Gypsy, who from jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His majesty then turning towards Jones, said, 'Sir, you have 'hear what dey say; what punishment do you tink 'your man deserve?'

Jones answered, 'He was sorry for what had hap-'pened, and that Partridge should make the hus-'band

'band all the amends in his power: he ſaid, he 'had very little money about him at that time;' and putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately anſwered, 'He 'hoped his honour would not think of giving him 'leſs than five.'

This ſum, after ſome altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones having ſtipulated for the full forgiveneſs of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majeſty reſtraining his hand, turned to the witneſs, and aſked him, 'At what time 'he had diſcovered the criminals?' To which he anſwered, 'That he had been deſired by the huſband to 'watch the motions of his wife from her firſt ſpeaking to the ſtranger, and that he had never loſt ſight 'of her afterwards till the crime had been committed.' The king then aſked, 'If the huſband was 'with him all that time in his lurking place?' To which he anſwered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the huſband as follows: 'Me be ſorry to ſee any Gypſy dat have no 'more honour dan to ſell de honour of his wife for 'money. If you had had de love for your wife, you 'would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore dat you might diſcover 'her. Me do order dat you have no money given 'you; for you deſerve puniſhment, not reward; me 'do order derefore, dat you be de infamous Gypſy, 'and do wear pair of horns upon your forehead for 'one month, and dat your wife be called de whore, 'and pointed at all dat time: for you be de infamous Gypſy, but ſhe be no leſs de infamous 'whore.'

The Gypſies immediately proceeded to execute the ſentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majeſty.

Jones greatly applauded the juſtice of the ſentence; upon which the king turning to him, ſaid, 'Me believe you be ſurprize; for me ſuppoſe you have ver

'bad

'bad opinion of my people; me ſuppoſe you think 'us all de tieves.'

'I muſt confeſs, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I have not 'heard ſo favourable an account of them as they ſeem 'to deſerve.'

'Me vil tell you,' ſaid the king, 'how de differ-'ence is between you and us. My people rob your 'people, and your people rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the happineſs of thoſe ſubjects who live under ſuch a magiſtrate.

Indeed their happineſs appears to have been ſo compleat, that we are aware leſt ſome advocate for arbitrary power ſhould hereafter quote the caſe of thoſe people, as an inſtance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us: that no limited form of government is capable of riſing to the ſame degree of perfection, or of producing the ſame benefits to ſociety with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt part of the then known world was under the dominion of a ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reign of five ſucceſſive princes *. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent conſtitution ſeems to be, the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch: for this indiſpenſibly requires three qualities, very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to be found in princely natures: firſt, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini,

the power which is poſſible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs. And, 3dly, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now if an abſolute monarch, with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes: for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent ſovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from ſcripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This indeed is the only abſolute power which can by ſcripture be derived from heaven. If therefore the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt conſequently come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſsly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages ſhew us that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alternative, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniences ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor

Nor can the example of the gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happineſs is entirely owing; namely, that they have no falſe honours among them; and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine which prieſtcraft had ever the wickedneſs or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which place (for it was ſtill dark) a Gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he poſſibly get again into the ſaddle till paſt two; for poſt-horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the hoſtler or poſt-boy in half ſo great a hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil diſpoſition of Partridge; who being denied the nouriſhment of ſleep, took all opportunities to ſupply its place with every other kind of nouriſhment; and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones

Jones now travelled poſt; we will follow him therefore, according to our cuſtom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the ſame manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunſtable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a ſmith, with great deliberation, ſhoed the poſt-horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before ſhe ſhould ſet out from St. Albans; at which place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforeſaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own houſe in London, and in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horſes to meet him at St Albans. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and ſix had ſet out two hours before.

If freſh poſt horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will gueſs, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg ſince he had left the alehouſe where he had firſt met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the gypſies, he had only feaſted his underſtanding.

The landlord ſo entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his friend to ſtay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promiſe before given of furniſhing the horſes immediately, he aſſured Mr. Jones he would loſe no time in beſpeak-

ing a dinner, which, he ſaid, could be got ready ſooner than it was poſſible to get the horſes up from the graſs, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge being admitted into the ſame apartment with his friend or maſter, began to harangue in the following manner:

'Certainly, Sir, if ever a man deſerved a young 'lady, you deſerve young Madam Weſtern; for 'what a vaſt quantity of love muſt a man have, to be 'able to live upon it without any other food, as you 'do? I am poſitive I have ate thirty times as much 'within theſe laſt twenty-four hours as your honour, 'and yet I am almoſt famiſhed; for nothing makes 'a man ſo hungry as travelling, eſpecially in this 'cold raw weather. And yet I can't tell how it is, 'but your honour is ſeemingly in perfect good health, 'and you never looked better nor freſher in your life. 'It muſt certainly be love that you live upon.'

'And a very rich diet too, Partridge,' anſwered Jones. 'But did not fortune ſend me an excellent 'dainty yeſterday? doſt thou imagine I cannot live 'more than twenty-four hours' on this dear pocket-'book?'

'Undoubtedly,' cries Partridge, 'there is enough 'in that pocket-book to purchaſe many a good meal. 'Fortune ſent it to your honour very opportunely for 'preſent uſe, as your honour's money muſt be al-'moſt out by this time.'

'What do you mean?' anſwered Jones; 'I hope 'you don't imagine I ſhould be diſhoneſt enough, 'even if it belonged to any other perſon beſides 'Miſs Weſtern———'

'Diſhoneſt!' replied Partridge; 'heaven forbid I 'ſhould wrong your honour ſo much; but where's 'the diſhoneſty in borrowing a little for preſent

'ſpending,

'ſpending, ſince you will be ſo well able to pay the 'lady hereafter? no, indeed, I would have your 'honour pay it again, as ſoon as it is convenient, by 'all means; but where can be the harm in making 'uſe of it now you want it. Indeed, if it belonged 'to a poor body, it would be another thing; but ſo 'great a lady to be ſure can never want it, eſpecially 'now as ſhe is along with a lord, who it can't be 'doubted will let her have whatever ſhe hath need 'of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want a little, ſhe can't 'want the whole, therefore I would give her a little; 'but I would be hanged before I mentioned the 'having found it at firſt, and before I got ſome 'money of my own; for London, I have heard, is 'the very worſt of places to be in without money. 'Indeed, if I had not known to whom it belonged, 'I might have thought it was the devil's money, and 'have been afraid to uſe it; but as you know other-'wiſe, and came honeſtly by it, it would be an af-'front to fortune to part with it all again, at the 'very time when you want it moſt; you can hardly 'expect ſhe ſhould ever do you ſuch another good 'turn; for *fortuna nunquam perpetuo eſt bona*. You 'will do as you pleaſe, notwithſtanding all I ſay; 'but for my part, I would be hanged before I men-'tioned a word of the matter.'

'By what I can ſee, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hanging is a matter *non longe alienum a ſcævolæ ſtudiis*.' —'You ſhould ſay *alienus*,' ſays Partridge.—'I re-'member the paſſage; it is an example under *com-'munis, alienus, immunis, variis caſibus ſerviunt*.'— 'If you do remember it,' cries Jones, 'I find you 'don't underſtand it; but I tell thee, friend, in 'plain Engliſh, that he who finds another's property, 'and wilfully detains it from the known owner, de-'ſerves *in foro conſcientiæ*, to be hanged no leſs than if 'he had ſtolen it. And as for this very identical bill 'which is the property of my angel, and was once 'in her dear poſſeſſion, I will not deliver it into any

'hands but her own, upon any conſideration what-
'ever; no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and
'had no other means to ſatisfy my craving appetite:
'this I hope to do before I ſleep; but if it ſhould
'happen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou wouldſt
'not incur my diſpleaſure for ever, not to ſhock me
'any more by the bare mention of ſuch deteſtable
'baſeneſs.'

'I ſhould not have mentioned it now,' cries Partridge, 'if it had appeared ſo to me; for I'm ſure
'I ſcorn any wickedneſs, as much as another;
'but perhaps you know better; and yet I might
'have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo many
'years, and have taught ſchool ſo long, without be-
'ing able to diſtinguiſh between *fas & nefas*; but it
'ſeems we are to live and learn. I remember my
'old ſchoolmaſter, who was a prodigious great ſcho-
'lar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly matete cry town is my*
'*deſkalon*. The Engliſh of which, he told us, was,
'That a child may ſometimes teach his grandmother
'to ſuck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpoſe truly,
'if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of
'day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may change
'your opinion, if you live to my years: for I re-
'member I thought myſelf as wiſe when I was a
'ſtripling of one or two and twenty as I am now.
'I am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my maſter
'read it ſo before me.'

There were not many inſtances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himſelf could have been hurried out of his reſpect. Unluckily however they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear ſome paſſage or other in the foregoing ſpeech. And now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and diſdainful air, (a thing not uſual with him) he cried, 'Partridge, I ſee thou art a conceited old

'fool,

'fool, and I wish thou art not likewise an old rogue. 'Indeed, if I was as well convinced of the latter as 'I am of the former, thou shouldst travel no farther 'in my company.'

The sage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said, he was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*.

As Jones had the vices of a warm disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his friends must have confest his temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his enemies must at the same time have confest, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the sea, whose swelling is more violent and dangerous after a storm is over, than while the storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the submission of Partridge, shook him by the hand, and with the most benign aspect imaginable, said twenty kind things, and at the same time very severely condemned himself, though not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his pride completely satisfied by Jones having owned himself in the wrong, which submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice, 'to be sure, Sir, your 'knowledge may be superior to mine in some things; 'but as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any 'man living. I think, at least, I have that at my 'finger's end.' If any thing could add to the satisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent shoulder of mutton, that at this instant came smoaking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feast-

ed, they again mounted their horſes and ſet forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the duſk of the evening, when a genteel looking man, but upon a very ſhabby horſe, rode up to Jones, and aſked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones anſwered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I ſhould be obliged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a ſtranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the requeſt; and on they travelled together, holding that ſort of diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Of this, indeed robbery was the principal topic; upon which ſubject the ſtranger expreſſed great apprehenſions; but Jones declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your honour,' ſaid he, 'may think it a little, but I am ſure, if I had a hundred pound bank note in my pocket, as you have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe it; but, for my part, I never was leſs afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all ſtand by one another, the beſt man in England can't rob us. Suppoſe he ſhould have a piſtol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—that's my comfort, a man can die but once.'

Beſides the reliance on ſuperior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raiſed a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reaſon for the extraodinary courage which Partridge now diſcovered; for he had at preſent as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to beſtow.

Our

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the ſtranger turned ſhort upon Jones, and pulling out a piſtol, demanded that little bank note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told him, all the money he had in his pocket was at his ſervice; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an oath, That would not do. Jones anſwered coolly, He was very ſorry for it; and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank note that moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his piſtol at the ſame time very near to his breaſt. Jones inſtantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the piſtol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A ſtruggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the piſtol from the hand of his antagoniſt, and both came from their horſes on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for to ſay the truth, he was in ſtrength by no means a match for Jones. Indeed, Sir,' ſays 'he, 'I could have had no intention to ſhoot you; 'for you will find the piſtol was not loaded. This 'is the firſt robbery I ever attempted, and I have been 'driven by diſtreſs to this.'

At this inſtant, at about 150 yards diſtance, lay another perſon on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himſelf; who endeavouring to make his eſcape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horſe, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be ſhot. In this poſture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his horſes, having

ſecured the ſtumbling beaſt, came up to him and told him, his maſter had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones ſtood with his ſword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no ſooner ſaw than he cried out, 'kill the villain, Sir, 'run him through the body; kill him this inſtant.'

Luckily however for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery. The truth of all which the highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it if he would take the trouble to go to his houſe, which was not above two miles off; ſaying, 'that he deſired no fa-'vour but upon condition of proving all he had alleg-'ed.'

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and return with him, declaring that his fate ſhould depend entirely on the truth of his ſtory. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain ſentiments of compaſſion for him. He returned the fellow his empty piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate ſupport of his wife and family; adding, 'he wiſhed he had more for 'his ſake, but the hundred pound that had been men-'tioned was not his own.'

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; ſome may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while thoſe

those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said he should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers having remounted their horses, arrived in town without encountering any new mishap. On the road much pleasant discourse passed between Jones and Partridge on the subject of their last adventure. In which Jones expressed a great compassion for those highwaymen who are, by unavoidable distress, driven as it were to such illegal courses as generally bring them to a shameful death. 'I mean, said he, 'those whose highest guilt extends no farther than to 'robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty nor insult 'to any person, which is a circumstance that, I must 'say, to the honour of our country, distinguishes the 'robbers of England from those of all other nations; 'for murder is, amongst those, almost inseparably in-'cident to robbery.'

'No doubt,' answered Partridge, 'it is better to 'take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is 'very hard upon honest men that they can't travel 'about their business without being in danger of 'these villians. And to be sure it would be better 'that all rogues were hanged out of the way, than 'that one honest man should suffer. For my own 'part, indeed, I should not care to have the blood 'of any of them on my hands; but it is very proper 'for the law to hang them all. What right hath any

'man to take ſixpence from me unleſs I give it him? 'is there any honeſty in ſuch a man?'

'No, ſurely,' cries Jones, 'no more than there is 'in him who takes the horſes out of another man's 'ſtable, or who applies to his own uſe the money 'which he finds, when he knows the right owner.'

Theſe hints ſtopt the mouth of Partridge; nor did he open it again, till Jones having thrown ſome ſarcaſtical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuſe himſelf on the inequality of fire-arms, ſaying, 'a 'thouſand naked men are nothing to one piſtol; for 'though, it is true, it will kill but one at a ſingle 'diſcharge, who yet can tell but that one may be 'himſelf.'

BOOK XIII.

Containing the ſpace of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation.

COME, bright love of fame, inſpire my glowing breaſt: not thee I call, who over ſwelling tides of blood and tears, doſt bear the hero on to glory, while ſighs of millions waft his ſpreading ſails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mneſis, happy nymph, firſt on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, ſat'ſt, with thy Milton, ſweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my raviſhed fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that ſome tender maid, whoſe grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, ſhe reads the real worth which once exiſted in my Charlotte, ſhall, from her ſympathetic breaſt, ſend

ſend forth the heaving ſigh. Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praiſe. Comfort me by a ſolemn aſſurance, that when the little parlour in which I ſit at this inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed box, I ſhall be read, with honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the well-ſeaſoned beef, and pudding richly ſtained with plums delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckſchuyte in ſome Dutch canal the fat Ufrow Gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amſterdam, was delivered; In Grub-ſtreet ſchool didſt thou ſuck in the elements of thy erudition. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn air; while tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends th' affrighted theatres with its thunder. To ſoothe thy wearied limbs in ſlumber, alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, monſieur Romance performs his ſurprizing tricks of dexterity. Nor leſs thy well-fed bookſeller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the duſty ſhelf, peace-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Inſtructed by thee, ſome books, like quacks, impoſe on the world by promiſing wonders; while others turn beaus, and truſt all their merits to a gilded outſide. Come, thou jolly ſubſtance, with thy ſhining face, keep back thy inſpiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy ſhining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible bank-bill, big with unſeen riches; thy often-varying ſtock; the warm, the comfortable houſe; and, laſtly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whoſe flowing breaſts yield redundant ſuſtenance for all her numerous offſpring, did not ſome too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the teat. Come thou, and if I am too taſteleſs of thy

valuable treaſures, warm my heart with the tranſporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whoſe innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean ſhadow and this fat ſubſtance, have prompted me to write, whoſe aſſiſtance ſhall I invoke to direct my pen?

Firſt, Genius; thou gift of heaven; without whoſe aid, in vain we ſtruggle againſt the ſtream of nature. Thou, who doſt ſow the generous ſeeds which art nouriſhes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all thoſe myſteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult taſk, to know mankind better than they know themſelves. Remove that miſt which dims the intellects of mortals, and cauſes them to adore men for their art, or to deteſt them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themſelves Strip off the thin diſguiſe of wiſdom from ſelf-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come thou, that haſt inſpired thy Ariſtophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakeſpear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almoſt the conſtant attendant on true genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender ſenſations. If thou haſt already diſpoſed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttelton, ſteal them a little while from their boſoms. Not without theſe the tender ſcene is painted. From theſe alone proceed the noble diſintereſted friendſhip, the melting love, the generous ſentiment, the ardent gratitude, the ſoft compaſſion, the candid opinion; and all thoſe ſtrong energies of a good mind, which fill the moiſtened eyes with tears, the glowing

cheeks

cheeks with blood, and ſwell the heart with tides of grief, joy and benevolence.

And thou, O Learning! (for without thy aſſiſtance nothing pure, nothing correct can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee, in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames waſhes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worſhipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have ſacrificed my blood. Come then, and from thy vaſt, luxuriant ſtores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profuſion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy philoſophic, thy poetic, and thy hiſtorical treaſures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous cheſts: give me a while that key to all thy treaſures, which to thy Warburton thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come Experience, long converſant with the wiſe, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the miniſter at his levee, to the bailiff in his ſpunging houſe; from the ducheſs at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluſe pedant, however great his parts, or extenſive his learning may be, hath ever been a ſtranger.

Come all theſe, and more, if poſſible; for arduous is the taſk I have undertaken: and without all your aſſiſtance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to ſupport. But if you all ſmile on my labours, I hope ſtill to bring them to a happy concluſion.

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. Miſaubin uſed to ſay, that the proper direction to him was, 'To Dr. 'Miſaubin, in the world;' intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was

was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we ſhall find that this circumſtance bears no inconſiderable part among the many bleſſings of grandeur.

The great happineſs of being known to poſterity, with the hopes of which we ſo delighted ourſelves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the ſeveral elements which compoſe our names, as Sydenham expreſſes it, repeated a thouſand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth: and is ſcarce to be purchaſed, unleſs by the ſword and the pen. But to avoid the ſcandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being 'one whom no-body 'knows' (a ſcandal, by the by, as old as the days of Homer *) will always be the envied portion of thoſe who have a legal title either to honour or eſtate.

From that figure, therefore, which the Iriſh peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this hiſtory, the reader will conclude, doubtleſs, it muſt have been an eaſy matter to have diſcovered his houſe in London, without knowing the particular ſtreet or ſquare which he inhabited, ſince he muſt have been one 'whom every body knows.' To ſay the truth, ſo it would have been to any of thoſe tradſemen who are accuſtomed to attend the regions of the great: for the doors of the great are generally no leſs eaſy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire ſtranger in London; and as he happened to arrive firſt in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourſe with the houſholders of Hanover or Groſvenor ſquare (for he entered through Gray's-inn-lane) ſo he rambled about ſome time, before he could even find his way to thoſe happy manſions, where fortune ſegregrates from the vulgar, thoſe magnanimous heroes the deſcendants of antient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whoſe anceſtors being

* See the ſecond Odyſſey, ver. 175.

being born in better days, by ſundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their poſterity.

Jones being at length arrived at thoſe terreſtrial Elyſian fields, would now ſoon have diſcovered his lordſhip's manſion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former houſe when he went for Ireland; and as he was juſt entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet ſufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood: ſo that after a ſucceſsful enquiry till the clock had ſtruck eleven, Jones, at laſt, yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had firſt alighted; and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repoſe, which uſually attends perſons in his circumſtances.

Early in the morning he again ſet forth in purſuit of Sophia; and many a weary ſtep he took to no better purpoſe than before. At laſt, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to diſappoint him, he came into the very ſtreet which was honoured by his lordſhip's reſidence; and being directed to the houſe, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who, from the modeſty of the knock, had conceived no high idea of the perſon approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was dreſt in a ſuit of fuſtian, and had by his ſide the weapon formerly purchaſed of the ſerjeant; of which, though the blade might be compoſed of well tempered ſteel, the handle was compoſed only of braſs, and that none of the brighteſt. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordſhip, this fellow anſwered ſurlily, 'That there were no ladies there.' Jones then deſired to ſee the maſter of the houſe; but was informed that his lordſhip would ſee nobody that morning. And upon growing more preſſing, the porter ſaid, 'he had poſitive orders to let no perſon 'in; but if you think proper,' ſaid he, 'to leave

'your

'your name, I will acquaint his lordſhip; and if you 'call another time, you ſhall know when he will ſee 'you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular 'buſineſs with the young lady, and could not depart 'without ſeeing her.' Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aſpect affirmed, 'That 'there was no young lady in that houſe, and conſe-'quently none could he ſee;' adding, 'ſure you are 'the ſtrangeſt man I ever met with; for you will not 'take an anſwer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular deſcription of Cerberus the porter of hell, in the ſixth Æneid, Virgil might poſſibly intend to ſatirize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture, at leaſt, reſembles thoſe who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter, in his lodge, anſwers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him muſt be appeaſed by a ſop, before acceſs can be gained to his maſter. Perhaps Jones might have ſeen him in that light, and have recollected the paſſage, where the ſybil, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, preſents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with ſuch a ſop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, inſtantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. Jones 'would give him the ſum propoſed, he would con-'duct him to the lady.' Jones inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill ſucceſs than the near approach to good. The gameſter, who loſes his party at piquet by a ſingle point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a proſpect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their fellow-ſufferers. In ſhort, theſe

kind

kind of hair-breadth miſſings of happineſs, look like the inſults of Fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome diſpoſition of the heathen goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner: for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia He now addreſſed himſelf to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the diſagreeable news, that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the ſame anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herſelf. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a perſon detached from her uncle Weſtern, in purſuit of his daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never ſeen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a couſin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the preſent tumult of his mind, never once occurred to his memory: but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordſhip's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other couſin, he then recollected the ſtory of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame woman, he became more ſurpriſed at the anſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired leave to wait on the lady herſelf; but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the preſent, ſaying to the waiting-woman, 'That if this was an improper hour to wait on her 'lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that

'he

'he then hoped to have the honour of seeing her.' The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comeliness of his person, made an impression on the waiting-woman, and she could not help answering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may.' And, indeed, she afterwards said every thing to her mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a visit from the handsome young gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that Sophia herself was now with her cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her resentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, dispatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the street, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no person did he see issue forth, except a servant of the house. and in the evening he returned to pay his visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dress to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, somewhat different from what his apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper respects, was desired to sit down

The reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the particulars of this conversation, which ended very little to the satisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick soon discovered the lover (as all women have the eyes of hawks in those matters) yet she still thought it was such a lover, as a generous friend of the lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the answers which she artfully drew from Mr. Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this

this opinion. She therefore ſtrictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permiſſion to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her ſuſpicion concerning Mr. Blifil, to her maid; who anſwered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too 'pretty a man, in my opinion, for any woman in 'the world to run away from. I had rather fancy 'it is Mr. Jones'—'Mr. Jones,' ſaid the lady, 'what 'Jones?' For Sophia had not given the leaſt hint of any ſuch perſon in all their converſation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her ſiſter Abigail with the whole hiſtory of Jones, which this now again related to her miſtreſs.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no ſooner received this information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, ſaw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which ſhe had overlooked in the ſlighted Squire. 'Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'you are certainly in the right: he is a very pretty 'fellow, and I don't wonder that my couſin's maid 'ſhould tell you ſo many women are fond of him. 'I am ſorry now I did not inform him where my 'couſin was: and yet if he be ſo terrible a rake as 'you tell me, it is a pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him any 'more; for what but her ruin can happen from 'marrying a rake and a beggar againſt her father's 'conſent. I proteſt, if he be ſuch a man as the 'wench deſcribed him to you, it is but an office of 'charity to keep her from him; and, I am ſure, it 'would be unpardonable in me to do otherwiſe, who 'have taſted ſo bitterly of the misfortunes attending 'ſuch marriages.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the arrival of a viſitor, which was no other than his lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this viſit either new or extraordinary,

or any ways material to this history, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to lady Bellaston.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to rest, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her cousin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the disingenuity which she now discovered. In which meditation she had not long exercised her imagination, before the following conceit suggested itself: that could she possibly become the means of preserving Sophia from this man, and of restoring her to her father, she should, in all human probability, by so great a service to the family, reconcile to herself both her uncle and her aunt Western.

As this was one of her most favourite wishes, so the hope of success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper methods to accomplish her scheme. To attempt to reason the case with Sophia, did not appear to her one of those methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the match, was an endeavour of the same kind, as it would be, very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will please to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with lady Bellaston, was contracted at the house of Mrs. Western, and must have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs Fitzpatrick must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant relations.

After much consideration, therefore, she resolved to

to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to ſee her, unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love, and indiſcreet marriages, in her converſation, would very readily concur in her ſentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmoſt aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This reſolution ſhe accordingly executed; and the next morning before the ſun, ſhe huddled on her cloaths, and at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable hour, went to lady Bellaſton, to whom ſhe got acceſs, without the leaſt knowledge or ſuſpicion of Sophia, who, though not aſleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour ſnoring by her ſide.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt viſit, at an hour when ſhe ſaid 'ſhe ſhould not 'have thought of diſturbing her ladyſhip, but upon 'buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence.' She then opened the whole affair, told all ſhe had heard from Betty, and did not forget the viſit which Jones had paid to herſelf the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton anſwered with a ſmile, 'Then you 'have ſeen this terrible man, Madam; pray is he ſo 'very fine a figure as he is repreſented? For Etoff 'entertained me laſt night almoſt two hours with 'him. The wench, I believe, is in love with him 'by reputation.' Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is, that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the lady Bellaſton, had received complete information concerning the ſaid Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her lady laſt night (or rather that morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which account ſhe had been detained in her office above the ſpace of an hour and half.

The lady, indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at thoſe ſeaſons,

ſeaſons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had deſcribed him as a very handſome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff in her hurry added ſo much to the beauty of his perſon to her report, that Lady Bellaſton began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curioſity which her woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſpoke as much in favour of the perſon of Jones, as ſhe had before ſpoke in diſpraiſe of his birth, character, and fortune.

When Lady Bellaſton had heard the whole, ſhe anſwered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of great conſequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the part you act; and I ſhall be very glad to have my ſhare in the preſervation of a young lady of ſo much merit, and for whom I have ſo much eſteem.'

'Doth not your ladyſhip think,' ſays Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, 'that it would be the beſt way to write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my couſin is?'

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus anſwered—'Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di Weſtern hath deſcribed her brother to me to be ſuch a brute, that I cannot conſent to put any woman under his power who hath eſcaped from it. I have heard he behaved like a monſter to his own wife; for he is one of thoſe wretches who think they have a right to tyrannize over us, and from ſuch I ſhall ever eſteem it the cauſe of my ſex to reſcue any woman who is ſo unfortunate to be under their power.—The buſineſs, dear couſin, will be only to keep Miſs Weſtern from ſeeing this young fellow, till the good company, which ſhe will have an opportunity of meeting here, give her a properer turn.'

'If he ſhould find her out, Madam,' anſwered the

the other, 'your ladyſhip may be aſſured he will 'leave nothing unattempted to come at her.'

'But, Madam,' replied the Lady, 'it is impoſ-'ſible he ſhould come here—though indeed it is poſ-'ſible he may get ſome intelligence where ſhe is, and 'then may lurk about the houſe—I wiſh therefore 'I knew his perſon.'

'Is there no way, madam, by which I could have 'a ſight of him? for otherwiſe you know, couſin, 'ſhe may contrive to ſee him here without my know-'ledge.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered, 'That he had 'threatened her with another viſit that afternoon, and 'that if her ladyſhip pleaſed to do her the honour of 'calling upon her then, ſhe would hardly fail of ſee-'ing him between ſix and ſeven; and if he came 'earlier, ſhe would, by ſome means or other, de-'tain him till her ladyſhip's arrival.—Lady Bellaſton replied, 'ſhe would come the moment ſhe could get 'from dinner, which ſhe ſuppoſed would be by ſe-'ven at fartheſt: for that it was abſolutely neceſſary 'ſhe ſhould be acquainted with his perſon. Upon 'my word, madam,' ſays ſhe, it was very good to 'take this care of Miſs Weſtern; but common hu-'manity, as well as regard to our family, require it 'of us both; for it would be a dreadful match in-'deed.'

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which Lady Bellaſton had beſtowed on her couſin, and after ſome little immaterial converſation, withdrew; and getting as faſt as ſhe could into her chair, unſeen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of Viſiting.

MR. Jones had walked within ſight of a certain door during the whole day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole year. At length the clock having

ing ſtruck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of viſiting, received him very civilly; but ſtill perſiſted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in aſking for his angel, had dropped the word couſin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſaid, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related; and as we 'are, you will permit me the right of inquiring into 'the particulars of your buſineſs with my couſin.' Here Jones heſitated a good while, and at laſt anſwered, He had a conſiderable ſum of money of her's in his hands, which he deſired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had ſcarce finiſhed his ſtory when a moſt violent noiſe ſhook the whole houſe. To attempt to deſcribe this noiſe to thoſe who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to thoſe who have never heard the like, would be ſtill more vain: for it may be truly ſaid,

——————*Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes æra.

The prieſts of Cybele do not ſo rattle their ſounding braſs.

In ſhort, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little ſurpriſed at the ſound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly ſaid, that as ſome company were coming, ſhe could not make him any anſwer now; but if he pleaſed to ſtay ſtill they were gone, ſhe intimated ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and after puſhing in her hoop ſideways before her, entered lady Bellaſton, who having firſt made a very low curt'ſy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to

Mr.

Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man

The company were hardly well settled, before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned caused a fresh disturbance and a repetition of ceremonials.

These being over, the conversation began to be (as the phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing passed in it which can be thought material to this history or indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into books, or repeated on the stage. Indeed this mental repast is a dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must be of the several dainties of French cookery, which are served only at the tables of the great. To say the truth, as neither of these are adapted to every taste, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a spectator of this elegant scene than an actor in it; for though in the short interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaston first, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addressed some of their discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble lord entered, than he engrossed the whole attention of the two ladies to himself; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no such person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now staid so long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved to rid herself of Jones, he being the visitant to whom she thought the least ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a cessation of chat, she addressed her-

ſelf gravely to him, and ſaid, 'Sir, I ſhall not poſ-'ſibly be able to give you an anſwer to-night as to 'that buſineſs; but if you pleaſe to leave word 'where I may ſend to you to-morrow'——

Jones had natural, but not artificial good breeding. Inſtead, therefore, of communicating the ſecret of his lodgings to a ſervant, he acquainted the lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone than the great perſonages who had taken no notice of him preſent, began to take much notice of him in his abſence; but if the reader hath already excuſed us from relating the more brilliant part of this converſation, he will ſurely be very ready to excuſe the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuſe; though, perhaps, it may be material to our hiſtory to mention an obſervation of lady Bellaſton, who took her leave in a few minutes after him, and then ſaid to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, 'I am ſatisfied on the account of my cou-'ſin; ſhe can be in no danger from this fellow.'

Our hiſtory ſhall follow the example of lady Bellaſton, and take leave of the preſent company, which was now reduced to two perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from matters which muſt ſeem of more conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the affairs of our hero.

CHAP. V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones, at his lodgings, with ſome account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and her two daughters.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was anſwered that the lady was not at home;

home; an anſwer which ſurprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the ſtreet from break of day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her This anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five ſeveral viſits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had from ſome reaſon or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, inſiſted that ſhe ſhould not ſee Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a ſcrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promiſe to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may poſſibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman th n her ladyſhip, and may even have ſome concern, ſhould it be apprehended, that during this unhappy ſeparation from Sophia, he took up his reſidence either at an inn or in the ſtreet; we ſhall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable houſe, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe he uſed to lodge when he was in town. This perſon, who, as Jones likewiſe knew, lived in Bond ſtreet, was the widow of a clergymen, and was left by him at his deceaſe in poſſeſſion of two daughters, and of a complete ſet of manuſcript ſermons.

Of theſe two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of ſeventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had diſpatched Partridge, and in this houſe he was provided with a room for himſelf in the ſecond floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The firſt floor was inhabited by one of thoſe young gentlemen, who, in the laſt age, were called men of wit and pleaſure about town, and properly enough: for as men are uſually denominated from their buſineſs or profeſſion, ſo pleaſure may be ſaid to have

been the only buſineſs or profeſſion of thoſe gentlemen to whom fortune had made all uſeful occupations unneceſſary. Play-houſes, coffee-houſes, and taverns, were the ſcenes of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the entertainment of their looſer hours, and love was the buſineſs of their more ſerious moments. Wine and the muſes conſpired to kindle the brighteſt flames in their breaſts; nor did they only admire, but ſome were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of ſuch compoſitions.

Such, therefore, were properly called the men of wit and pleaſure; but I queſtion whether the ſame appellation may with the ſame propriety be given to thoſe young gentlemen of our times, who have the ſame ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they ſoar a ſtep higher than their predeceſſors, and may be called men of wiſdom and vertù (take heed you do not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employed their time in toaſting the charms of a woman, or in making ſonnets in her praiſe; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; theſe gentlemen are conſidering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating ſpeeches for the houſe of commons, or rather for the magazines. But the ſcience of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. Theſe are the ſtudies of their graver hours, while for their amuſements they have the vaſt circle of connoiſſeurſhip, painting, muſic, ſtatuary, and natural philoſophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monſters and imperfections.

When Jones had ſpent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at laſt diſconſolate to his apartment. Here while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar

below

below ſtairs; and ſoon after a female voice begged him for heaven's ſake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occaſion to help the diſtreſſed, immediately ran down ſtairs; when ſtepping into the dining-room, whence all the noiſe iſſued, he beheld the young gentleman of wiſdom and *vertu* juſt before mentioned, pinned cloſe to the wall by his footman, and a young woman ſtanding by, wringing her hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor gentleman ſeemed in ſome danger of being choaked, when Jones flew haſtily to his aſſiſtance, and reſcued him juſt as he was breathing his laſt, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received ſeveral kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more ſpirit than ſtrength, he made it a kind of ſcruple of conſcience to ſtrike his maſter, and would have contented himſelf with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no ſuch reſpect: he no ſooner therefore found himſelf a little roughly handled by his new antagoniſt, than he gave him one of thoſe punches in the guts, which, though the ſpectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have ſuch exquiſite delight in ſeeing them, convey but very little pleaſure in the feeling.

The luſty youth had no ſooner received this blow, than he meditated a moſt greatful return; and now enſued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now fortune, according to her uſual cuſtom, reverſed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathleſs on the ground, and the vanquiſhed gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his ſeaſonable aſſiſtance: he received likewiſe the hearty thanks of the young woman preſent, who was indeed no other than Miſs Nancy, the eldeſt daughter of the houſe.

The footman having now recovered his legs, ſhook his head at Jones, and with a ſagacious look, cry'd, '—O d—n me,—I'll have nothing more to do with 'you; you have been upon the ſtage, or I am d—nably 'miſtaken:' and indeed we may forgive this his ſuſpicion; for ſuch was the agility and ſtrength of our hero, that he was perhaps a match for one of the firſt-rate boxers, and could, with great eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton's ſchool.

The maſter foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to ſtrip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was preſently complied with, and the fellow was diſcharged.

And now the young gentleman, whoſe name was Nightingale, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that his deliverer ſhould take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, conſented; tho' more out of complaiſance than inclination; for the uneaſineſs of his mind fitted him very little for con-

* Leſt poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertiſement which was publiſhed Feb. 1, 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton propoſes, with proper aſſiſtance, to open an academy at his houſe in the Hay-Market, for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in the myſtery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly Britiſh art, with all the various ſtops, blows, croſs-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that perſons of quality and diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into a Courſe of thoſe Lectures, they will be given with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard to the delicacy to the frame and conſtitution of the pupil; for which reaſon muffles are provided that will effectually ſecure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noſes.

converſation at this time. Miſs Nancy, likewiſe, who was the only female then in the houſe, her mamma and ſiſter being both gone to the play, condeſcended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glaſſes were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occaſion of the preceding diſturbance.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'you will not, 'from this accident, conclude that I make a cuſtom 'of ſtriking my ſervants; for I aſſure you this is the 'firſt time I have been guilty of it in my remembrance; and I have paſſed by many provoking 'faults in this very fellow, before he could provoke 'me to it; but when you hear what hath happened 'this evening, you will, I believe, think me excuſable. I happened to come home ſeveral hours be'fore my uſual time, when I found four gentlemen 'of the cloth at whiſt by my fire;—and my Hoyle, 'Sir,—my beſt Hoyle, which coſt me a guinea, ly'ing open on the table, with a quantity of porter 'ſpilt on one of the moſt material leaves of the whole 'book. This you will allow was provoking; but 'I ſaid nothing till the reſt of the honeſt company 'were gone, and then gave the fellow a gentle re'buke, who inſtead of expreſſing any concern, made 'me a pert anſwer, "that ſervants muſt have their di"verſions as well as other people; that he was ſorry "for the accident which had happened to the book; "but that ſeveral of his acquaintance had bought "the ſame for a ſhilling; and that I might ſtop as "much in his wages if I pleaſed." I now gave him 'a ſeverer reprimand than before, when the raſcal 'had the inſolence to——in ſhort, he imputed my 'early coming home to—in ſhort, he caſt a reflection '—he mentioned the name of a young lady, in a 'manner—in ſuch a manner that incenſed me beyond 'all patience, and, in my paſſion, I ſtruck him.'

Jones anſwered, 'that he believed no perſon living 'would blame him; for my part,' ſaid he, I confeſs

'I ſhould, on the laſt mentioned provocation, have 'done the ſame thing.'

Our company had not ſat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all ſpent a very chearful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained mirth as poſſible. Indeed half his natural flow of animal ſpirits, joined to the ſweetneſs of his temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable companion; and notwithſtanding the heavineſs of his heart, ſo agreeable did he make himſelf on the preſent occaſion that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earneſtly deſired his further acquaintance. Miſs Nancy was well pleaſed with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him, with the other, next morning to breakfaſt.

Jones, on his part, was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs Nancy, tho' a very little creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent creatures in the world, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt chearful. She never thought nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any ill, and had conſtantly that deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all deſires in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not diſgraced by affectation. In ſhort, though her power was very ſmall, ſhe was in her heart one of the warmeſt friends. She had been a moſt affectionate wife, and was a moſt fond and tender mother.

As our hiſtory doth not, like a news-paper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of ſome importance in our hiſtory.

Nor was Jones a little pleaſed with the young gentleman himſelf, whoſe wine he had been drinking.

He

He thought he diſcerned in him much good ſenſe, though a little too much tainted with town foppery; but what recommended him moſt to Jones were ſome ſentiments of great generoſity and humanity, which occaſionally dropt from him; and particularly many expreſſions of the higheſt diſintereſtedneſs in the affair of love. On which ſubject the young gentleman delivered himſelf in a language which might very well become an Arcadian ſhepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfaſt; with ſome hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the ſame good inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the evening before; but poor Jones was extremely diſconſolate; for he had juſt received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifeſt indications of a diſordered mind.

The diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted ſentiments upon this ſubject, which wiſe and ſober men call romantic, but which wiſe and ſober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for ſo the miſtreſs of the houſe was called) greatly approved theſe ſentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miſs Nancy, ſhe anſwered only, 'That

'she believed the gentleman who had spoke the 'least was capable of feeling the most.'

This compliment was so apparently directed to Jones, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite answer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own silence subjected her to a suspicion of the same kind: for indeed she had scarce opened her lips either now or the last evening.

'I am glad, Nancy,' says Mrs. Miller, 'the gentleman hath made the observation: I protest I am 'almost of his opinion. What can be the matter with 'you child? I never saw such an alteration. What is 'become of all your gayety? Would you think, Sir, 'I used to call her my little prattler? She hath not 'spoke twenty words this week.'

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid servant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, she said, 'was delivered by a 'porter for Mr. Jones.' She added, 'that the man 'immediately went away, saying, it required no 'answer.'

Jones expressed some surprize on this occasion, and declared it must be some mistake: but the maid persisting that she was certain of the name, all the women were desirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betsey, with the consent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be a domino, a mask, and a masquerade ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever, in asserting that these things must have been delivered by mistake; and Mrs. Miller herself expressed some doubt, and said, 'she knew not what to think.' But when Mr. Nightingale was asked, he delivered a very different opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, Sir,' said he, 'is, that you are a very happy man: for I 'make no doubt but these were sent you by some 'lady

'lady whom you will have the happineſs of meeting 'at the maſquerade.'

Jones had not a ſufficient degree of vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herſelf give much aſſent to what Mr. Nightingale had ſaid, till Miſs Nancy having lifted up the the domino, a card dropt from the ſleeve in which was written as follows:

'To Mr. Jones.

'The queen of the fairies ſends you this;
'Uſe her favours not amiſs.'

Mrs. Miller and Miſs Nancy now both agreed with Mr Nightingale; nay, Jones himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodgings, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome hopes, that it came from her, and that he might poſſibly ſee his Sophia. Theſe hopes had ſurely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs Fitzpatrick, in not ſeeing him according to her promiſe, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical character) might poſſibly intend to do him that ſervice, in a ſtrange manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary methods. To ſay the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his temper therefore was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this occaſion, and his imagination worked up a thouſand conceits, to favour and ſupport his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good wiſhes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine diſpoſition of mind: ſince,

after having read much, and considered long on that subject of happiness which hath employed so many great pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the possession of this temper; which puts us in a manner out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her assistance. Indeed the sensations of pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than those which that blind lady bestows; Nature having wisely contrived, that some satiety and languor should be annexed to all our real enjoyments, lest we should be so taken up by them, as to be stopt from further pursuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may see the imaginary future chancellor just called to the bar, the archbishop in crape, and the prime minister at the tail of an opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the power and profit of these respective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the masquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the same time, offered tickets to Miss Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She said, 'she did not conceive the harm which some 'people imagined in a masquerade; but that such 'extravagant diversions were proper only for per-'sons of quality and fortune, and not for young 'women who were to get their living, and could, at 'best, hope to be married to a good tradesman.'—'A tradesman!' cries Nightingale, 'you shan't un-'dervalue my Nancy. There is not a nobleman 'upon earth above her merit.'—'O fie! Mr. Night-'ingale,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'you must not fill 'the girl's head with such fancies; but if it was her 'good luck (says the mother with a simper) to find a 'gentleman of your generous way of thinking, I hope 'she would make a better return to his generosity, 'than to give her mind up to extravagant pleasures. 'Indeed where young ladies bring great fortunes themselves,

'themſelves, they have ſome right to inſiſt on ſpend-
'ing what is their own; and on that account, I have
'heard the gentlemen ſay, a man has ſometimes a
'better bargain with a poor wife, than with a rich
'one.—But let my daughters marry whom they will,
'I ſhall endeavour to make them bleſſings to their
'huſbands:—I beg, therefore, I may hear of no
'more maſquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too
'good a girl to deſire to go; for ſhe muſt remember
'when you carried her thither laſt year, it almoſt
'turned her head; and ſhe did not return to herſelf,
'or to her needle, in a month afterwards.'

Though a gentle ſigh, which ſtole from the boſom of Nancy, ſeemed to argue ſome ſecret diſapprobation of theſe ſentiments, ſhe did not dare openly to oppoſe them. For as this good woman had all the tenderneſs, ſo ſhe had preſerved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the deſires of her children, was reſtrained only by her fears for their ſafety and future welfare, ſo ſhe never ſuffered thoſe commands, which proceeded from ſuch fears, to be either diſobeyed or diſputed. And this the young gentleman, who had lodged two years in the houſe, knew ſo well, that he preſently acquieſced in the refuſal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very deſirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to ſome of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excuſed, 'as his cloaths,' he ſaid, 'were not 'yet come to town.'

To confeſs the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a ſituation, which ſometimes happens to be the caſe of young gentlemen of much better figure than himſelf. In ſhort, he had not one penny in his pocket; a ſituation in much greater credit among the ancient philoſophers, than among the modern wiſe men who live in Lombard-ſtreet, or thoſe who frequent White's chocolate-houſe. And, perhaps, the great honours

which

which thoſe philoſophers have aſcribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reaſons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforeſaid ſtreet and chocolate-houſe.

Now if the antient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wiſe men juſt above mentioned pretend to have diſcovered, a notorious error; no leſs falſe is, I apprehend, that poſition of ſome writers of romance, that a man may live altogether on love: for however delicious repaſts this may afford to ſome of our ſenſes or appetites, it is moſt certain it can afford none to others. Thoſe, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in ſuch writers, have experienced their error when it was too late; and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a roſe is capable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the ſmell.

Notwithſtanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had ſet before him, namely, the hopes of ſeeing Sophia at the maſquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuouſly feaſted during the whole day, the evening no ſooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languiſh for ſome food of a groſſer kind. Partridge diſcovered this by intuition, and took the occaſion to give ſome oblique hints concerning the bank-bill, and when theſe were rejected with diſdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'you cannot ſee my fortune in a more deſperate light than I ſee it myſelf; and I begin heartily to repent, that I ſuffered you to leave a place, where you was ſettled, and to follow me. However, I inſiſt now on your returning home; and for the expence and trouble which you have ſo kindly put yourſelf to on my account, all the cloaths I left behind in your care, I deſire

'you

'you would take as your own. I am ſorry I can 'make you no other acknowledgment.'

He ſpoke theſe words with ſo pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whoſe vices ill-nature or hardneſs of heart were not numbered, burſt into tears; and after ſwearing he would not quit him in his diſtreſs, he began with the moſt earneſt intreaties to urge his return home. 'For heaven's ſake, Sir,' ſays he, 'do but conſider: what can your honour do? How 'is it poſſible you can live in this town without 'money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever 'you pleaſe, I am reſolved not to deſert you.—But 'pray, Sir, conſider:—do pray, Sir, for your own 'ſake, take it into your conſideration; and I'm ſure,' ſays he, 'that your own good ſenſe will bid you re-'turn home.'

'How often ſhall I tell thee,' anſwered Jones, that 'I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that 'Mr. Allworthy's door would be open to receive me, 'I want no diſtreſs to urge me.—Nay, there is no 'other cauſe upon earth, which would detain me a 'moment from flying to his preſence; but, alas! 'that I am for ever baniſhed from. His laſt words 'were,—O Partridge! they ſtill ring in my ears—— 'His laſt words were, when he gave me a ſum of 'money, what it was I know not, but conſiderable 'I'm ſure it was—His laſt words were—"I am re-"ſolved from this day forward, on no account, to "converſe with you any more."'

Here paſſion ſtopt the mouth of Jones, as ſurprize, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he ſoon recovered the uſe of ſpeech, and after a ſhort preface, in which he declared he had no inquiſitiveneſs in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a conſiderable ſum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the money?

In both theſe points he now received full ſatisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he

he was interrupted by a meſſage from Mr. Nightingale, who deſired his maſter's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the maſquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be ſent for, a circumſtance of diſtreſs occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a ſhilling; but if ſuch readers will reflect a little on what they have themſelves felt from the want of a thouſand pounds, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite ſcheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occaſion. For this ſum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the firſt he had permitted him to advance, and was the laſt he intended that poor fellow ſhould advance in his ſervice. To ſay the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was that he deſired to ſee the bank-bill broke in upon, or that diſtreſs ſhould prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a maſquerade.

OUR cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great *arbiter deliciarum*, the high prieſt of pleaſure preſides; and, like other heathen prieſts, impoſes on his votaries by the pretended preſence of the deity, when in reality no ſuch deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a turn or two with his companion, ſoon left him, and walked off with a female, ſaying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you muſt 'beat about for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain ſtrong hopes that his Sophia was preſent; and theſe hopes gave him more ſpirits than the lights, the muſick, and the company; though

though theſe are pretty ſtrong antidotes againſt the ſpleen. He now accoſted every woman he ſaw, whoſe ſtature, ſhape or air, bore any reſemblance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to ſay ſomething ſmart, in order to engage an anſwer, by which he might diſcover that voice which he thought it impoſſible he ſhould miſtake. Some of theſe anſwered by a queſtion, in a ſqueaking voice, 'Do you 'know me?' Much the greater number ſaid, 'I 'don't know you, Sir;' and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; ſome made him no anſwer at all; ſome ſaid, 'Indeed I don't know 'your voice, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to you;' and many gave him as kind anſwers as he could wiſh, but not in the voice he deſired to hear.

Whilſt he was talking with one of theſe laſt, (who was in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs) a lady in a domino came up to him, and ſlapping him on the ſhoulder, whiſpered him, at the ſame time, in the ear, 'If 'you talk any longer with that trollop, I will ac-'quaint Miſs Weſtern.'

Jones no ſooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the domino, begging and entreating her to ſhew him the lady ſhe had mentioned, if ſhe was then in the room.

The maſk walked haſtily to the upper end of the innermoſt apartment before ſhe ſpoke; and then, inſtead of anſwering him, ſat down, and declared ſhe was tired. Jones ſat down by her, and ſtill perſiſted in his entreaties; at laſt the lady coldly anſwered, 'I 'imagined Mr. Jones had been a more diſcerning 'lover, than to ſuffer any diſguiſe to conceal his 'miſtreſs from him.' 'Is ſhe here then, Madam?' replied Jones, with ſome vehemency. Upon which the lady cry'd,—'Huſh, Sir, you will be obſerved. '—I promiſe you, upon my honour, Miſs Weſtern 'is not here.'

Jones now taking the maſk by the hand, fell to entreating

entreating her in the moſt earneſt manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia: and when he could obtain no direct anſwer, he began to upbraid her gently for having diſappointed him the day before; and concluded, ſaying, 'Indeed, my good fairy 'queen, I know your majeſty very well, notwith-'ſtanding the affected diſguiſe of your voice. In-'deed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert 'yourſelf, at the expence of my torments.'

The maſk anſwered, 'Though you have ſo inge-'niouſly diſcovered me, I muſt ſtill ſpeak in the ſame 'voice, leſt I ſhould be known by others. And do 'you think, good Sir, that I have no greater regard 'for my couſin, than to aſſiſt in carrying on an affair 'between you two, which muſt end in her ruin, as 'well as your own? Beſides, I promiſe you, my 'couſin is not mad enough to conſent to her own 'deſtruction, if you are ſo much her enemy as to 'tempt her to it.'

'Alas, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you little know 'my heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you 'will allow, is the act of an enemy; and when by 'the ſame act you muſt knowingly and certainly 'bring ruin on yourſelf, is it not folly or madneſs, 'as well as guilt? Now, Sir, my couſin hath very 'little more than her father will pleaſe to give her; 'very little for one of her faſhion,—you know him, 'and you know your own ſituation.'

Jones vowed he had no ſuch deſign on Sophia, 'That 'he would rather ſuffer the moſt violent of deaths 'than ſacrifice her intereſt to his deſires. He ſaid he 'knew how unworthy he was of her every way; 'that he had long ago reſolved to quit all ſuch aſpi-'ring thoughts, but that ſome ſtrange accidents had 'made him deſirous to ſee her once more, when he 'promiſed he would take leave of her for ever. 'No, Madam,' concluded he, 'my love is not of 'that baſe kind which ſeeks its own ſatisfaction, at

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'the expence of what is most dear to its object. I 'would sacrifice every thing to the possession of my 'Sophia, but Sophia herself.'

Though the reader may have already conceived no very sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; and though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first characters of her sex; yet it is certain, these generous sentiments made a strong impression upon her, and greatly added to the affection she had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after a silence of a few moments, said, 'She did not see his pretensions to Sophia so 'much in the light of presumption, as of imprudence. 'Young fellows,' says she, 'can never have too as-'piring thoughts; I love ambition in a young man, 'and I would have you cultivate it as much as possi-'ble Perhaps you may succeed with those who 'are infinitely superior in fortune; nay, I am con-'vinced there are women,—but don't you think me 'a strange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving ad-'vice to a man, with whom I am so little acquainted, 'and one with whose behaviour to me I have so little 'reason to be pleased?'

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had said of her cousin. ——To which the mask answered, 'And are you so 'little versed in the sex, to imagine you can well 'affront a lady more, than by entertaining her with 'your passion for another woman? If the fairy queen 'had conceived no better opinion of your gallantry, 'she would scarce have appointed you to meet her 'at a masquerade.'

Jones had never less inclination to an amour than at present; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incum-bent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay his very love to Sophia made it necessary for him to keep well with the

the lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm answer to her last speech, when a mask, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This mask was one of those ladies who go to a masquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phrase is, to spoil as much sport as they are able. This good lady, therefore, having observed Jones and his friend, whom she well knew, in close consultation together in a corner of the room, concluded she could no where satisfy her spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and soon drove them from their retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale seeing the distress of his friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another pursuit.

While Jones and his mask were walking together about the room, to rid themselves of the teazer, he observed his lady speak to several masks, with the same freedom of acquaintance as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expressing his surprize at this, saying, 'sure, Madam, you must have infinite discernment to know people in all disguises.' To which the lady answered, 'You cannot conceive 'any thing more insipid and childish than a masquerade to the people of fashion, who in general know 'one another as well here, as when they meet in an 'assembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman 'of condition converse with a person with whom she 'is not acquainted. In short, the generality of persons whom you see here, may more properly be 'said to kill time in this place, than in any other; and 'generally retire from hence more tired than from 'the longest sermon. To say the truth, I begin to be 'in that situation myself; and if I have any faculty 'at guessing, you are not much better pleased. I pro-

'test

'teſt it would be almoſt charity in me to go home 'for your ſake.' 'I know but one charity equal to 'it,' cries Jones, 'and that is to ſuffer me to wait 'on you home.' 'Sure,' anſwered the lady, 'you 'have a ſtrange opinion of me, to imagine, that upon 'ſuch an acquaintance, I would let you into my doors 'at this time o'night. I fancy you impute the friend-'ſhip I have ſhewn my couſin, to ſome other mo-'tive. Confeſs honeſtly; don't you conſider this 'contrived interview as little better than a downright 'aſſignation? Are you uſed, Mr. Jones, to make theſe 'ſudden conqueſts?' I am not uſed, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'to ſubmit to ſuch ſudden conqueſts; but as 'you have taken my heart by ſurprize, the reſt of my 'body hath a right to follow; ſo you muſt pardon me 'if I reſolve to attend you wherever you go.' He accompanied theſe words with ſome proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and ſaying their familiarity would be obſerved, told him, 'ſhe was going to ſup with an acquaintance, whither 'ſhe hoped he would not follow her; for if you 'ſhould,' ſays ſhe, 'I ſhould be thought an unac-'countable creature, though my friend indeed is not 'cenſorious, yet I hope you won't follow me: I pro-'teſt I ſhall not know what to ſay, if you do.'

The lady preſently after quitted the maſquerade, and Jones, notwithſtanding the ſevere prohibition he had received, preſumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the ſame dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a ſhilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which the lady rode, purſued by a grand huzza from all the chairmen preſent, who wiſely take the beſt care they can to diſcountenance all walking a foot by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the opera-houſe were too buſy to quit their ſtations, and as the lateneſs of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the ſtreet, he proceeded without moleſtation,

leſtation, in a dreſs, which, at another ſeaſon, would have certainly raiſed a mob at his heels.

The lady was ſet down in a ſtreet not far from Hanover-ſquare, where the door being preſently opened, ſhe was carried in, and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well-furniſhed and well-warmed room, when the female ſtill ſpeaking in her maſquerade voice, ſaid, ſhe was ſurprized at her friend, who muſt abſolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much reſentment, ſhe ſuddenly expreſt ſome apprehenſion from Jones, and aſked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a houſe at that time of night? But inſtead of a direct anſwer to ſo important a queſtion, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmaſk, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellaſton herſelf.

It would be tedious to give the particular converſation, which conſiſted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which laſted from two till ſix o'clock in the morning. It is ſufficient to mention all of it that is any wiſe material to this hiſtory. And this was a promiſe that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly ſettled, and a ſecond meeting in the evening appointed at the ſame place, they ſeparated; the lady returned to her houſe, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a ſcene of diſtreſs, which will appear very extraordinary to moſt of our readers.

JONES having refreſhed himſelf with a few hours ſleep, ſummoned Partridge to his preſence; and delivering him a bank note of fifty pounds, ordered him

him to go and change it. Partridge received this with ſparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raiſed in him ſome ſuſpicions not very advantageous to the honour of his maſter; to theſe the dreadful idea he had of the maſquerade, the diſguiſe in which his maſter had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could poſſibly find to account for the poſſeſſion of this note, was by robbery; and, to confeſs the truth, the reader, unleſs he ſhould ſuſpect it was owing to the generoſity of lady Bellaſton, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do juſtice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this preſent from her, who, though ſhe did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, ſuch as building hoſpitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that chriſtian virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a ſhilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour therefore the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almoſt five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to viſit a relation, of whom, at her return, ſhe gave the following account:

'I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making 'you wait; I am ſure if you knew the occaſion — 'I have been to ſee a couſin of mine about ſix miles 'off, who now lies in.—It would be a warning to all 'perſons' (ſays ſhe looking at her daughters) 'how 'they marry indiſcreetly. There is no happineſs in 'this world without a competency. O Nancy! how 'ſhall I deſcribe the wretched condition in which I 'found your poor couſin; ſhe hath ſcarce lain in a 'week, and there was ſhe, this dreadful weather, in

'a cold

'a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and 'not a bushel of coals in her house to supply her with 'fire: her second son, that sweet little fellow, lies ill 'of a quinzy in the same bed with his mother; for 'there is no other bed in the house. Poor little Tom-'my! I believe, Nancy, you will never see your fa-'vourite any more; for he is really very ill. The 'rest of the children are in pretty good health; but 'Molly, I am afraid, will do herself an injury: she 'is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet, 'in my life, I never saw a better nurse: she tends 'both her mother and her brother; and what is won-'derful in a creature so young, she shows all the 'chearfulness in the world to her mother; and yet I 'saw her—I saw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, 'turn about, and privately wipe the tears from her 'eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a person present, who did not accompany her in them; at length she a little recovered herself, and proceeded thus: 'In all this distress the mother supports her 'spirits in a surprizing manner. The danger of her 'son sits heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours as 'much as possible to conceal even this concern, on 'her husband's account. Her grief, however, some-'times gets the better of all her endeavours; for she 'was always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a 'most sensible, sweet tempered creature it is. I pro-'test I was never more affected in my life, than when 'I heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet seven 'years old, while his mother was wetting him with 'her tears, beg her to be comforted—"Indeed, "mamma," cried the child, "I shan't die; God "Almighty, I'm sure, won't take Tommy away; let "heaven be ever so fine a place, I had rather stay "here and starve with you and my papa, than go to "it,"—Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help it,' (says she, wiping her eyes) 'such sensibility and affection 'in a child—And yet, perhaps, he is least the object

'of

'of pity: for a day or two will, moſt probably, place 'him beyond the reach of all human eviſs. The 'father is indeed moſt worthy of compaſſion. Poor 'man, his countenance is the very picture of horror, 'and he looks rather like one dead than alive. Oh 'heavens! what a ſcene did I behold at my firſt com-'ing into the room! the good creature was lying be-'hind the bolſter, ſupporting at once both his child 'and his wife. He had nothing on but a thin waiſt-'coaſt; for his coat was ſpread over the bed, to ſup-'ply the want of blankets.—When he roſe up, at my 'entrance, I ſcarce knew him. As comely a man, 'Mr. Jones, within this fortnight, as you ever beheld; 'Mr. Nightingale hath ſeen him. His eyes ſunk, his 'face pale, with a long beard. His body ſhivering 'with cold, and worn with hunger too; for my cou-'ſin ſays, ſhe can hardly prevail upon him to eat.— 'He told me himſelf in a whiſper—he told me—I 'can't—repeat it—he ſaid, he could not bear to eat 'the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you 'believe it, gentlemen? in all this miſery, his wife 'has as good caudle as if ſhe lay-in in the midſt of the 'greateſt affluence; I taſted it, and I ſcarce ever taſted 'better.—The means of procuring her this, he ſaid, he 'believes was ſent him by an angel from heaven; I 'know not what he meant; for I had not ſpirits 'enough to aſk a ſingle queſtion.

'This was a love match, as they call it, on both 'ſides; that is, a match between two beggars. I muſt 'indeed ſay I never ſaw a fonder couple; but what 'is their fondneſs good for, but to torment each 'other?' 'Indeed, mamma,' cries Nancy, 'I have 'always looked on my couſin Anderſon' (for that was her name) 'as one of the happieſt of women.' 'I 'am ſure,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the caſe at preſent is 'much otherwiſe; for any one might have diſcerned 'that the tender conſideration of each other's ſuffer-'ings, makes the moſt intolerable part of their cala-'mity, both to the huſband and the wife. Compared

'to which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own 'perſons only, are ſcarce evils. Nay, the very chil-'dren, the youngeſt, which is not two years old, ex-'cepted, feel in the ſame manner; for they are a moſt 'loving family; and if they had but a bare compe-'tency, would be the happieſt people in the world.' 'I never ſaw the leaſt ſign of miſery at her houſe,' replied Nancy; 'I am ſure my heart bleeds for what 'you now tell me.' 'O child,' anſwered the mo-ther, 'ſhe hath always endeavoured to make the beſt 'of every thing. They have always been in great 'diſtreſs; but, indeed, this abſolute ruin hath been 'brought upon them by others. The poor man was 'bail for the villain his brother; and about a week 'ago, the very day before her lying-in, their goods 'were all carried away, and ſold by an execution. 'He ſent a letter to me of it by one of the bailiffs, 'which the villain never delivered.—What muſt he 'think of my ſuffering a week to paſs before he heard 'of me?'

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. Miller apart with him into another room, and delivering her his purſe, in which was the ſum of 50 l. deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones on this occaſion, is not eaſy to be de-ſcribed. She burſt into a kind of agony of tranſport, and cried out,——'Good heavens! is there 'ſuch a man in the world?'—But recollecting her-ſelf, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed I know one ſuch; but can 'there be another?' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Jones, 'there are many who have common humanity: for 'to relieve ſuch diſtreſſes in our fellow-creatures, 'can hardly be called more.' Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, 'She would 'find ſome means of conveying them early the next 'morning;' adding, 'that ſhe had herſelf done

'ſome

'some little matter for the poor people, and had not 'left them in quite so much misery as she found 'them.'

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expressed much concern at the dreadful situation of those wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had seen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed against the folly of making one's self liable for the debts of others; vented many bitter execrations against the brother; and concluded with wishing something could be done for the unfortunate family. 'Suppose, Madam,' said he, 'you should 'recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what 'think you of a collection? I will give him a gui-'nea with all my heart.'

Mrs. Miller made no answer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whispered the generosity of Jones, turned pale upon the occasion; though if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was surely without reason. For the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thousands who would not have contributed a single halfpenny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore, as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth observed, and shall never have a better opportunity than at present to communicate my observation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be esteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wishes) you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing.——Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a positive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the

diſtreſſes of the poor, their pitiful largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only perperformed their duty by halves, and are in ſome ſenſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different opinions is not in my power. I ſhall only add, that the givers are generally of the former ſentiment, and the receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from thoſe in the preceding chapter.

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long converſation again enſued between them; but as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning particulars, which we deſpair of rendering agreeable to the reader; unleſs he is one whoſe devotion to the fair ſex, like that of the papiſts to their ſaints, wants to be raiſed by the help of pictures. But I am ſo far from deſiring to exhibit ſuch pictures to the public, that I would wiſh to draw a curtain over thoſe that have been lately ſet forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been preſented us here, under the name of tranſlations.

Jones grew ſtill more and more impatient to ſee Sophia; and finding, after repeated interviews with Lady Bellaſton, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means; (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with reſentment) he reſolved to try ſome other method. He made no doubt but that Lady Bellaſton knew where his angel was, ſo he thought it moſt likely, that ſome of her ſervants ſhould be acquainted with the ſame ſecret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with thoſe ſervants, in order to fiſh this ſecret out of them.

Few

Few ſituations can be imagined more uneaſy than that to which his poor maſter was at preſent reduced; for beſides the difficulties he met with in diſcovering Sophia, beſides the fears he had of having diſobliged her, and the aſſurances he had received from Lady Bellaſton of the reſolution which Sophia had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient reaſon to believe might be true: he had ſtill a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his miſtreſs to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her father's eſtate, the almoſt inevitable conſequence of their coming together without a conſent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many obligations which Lady Bellaſton, whoſe violent fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her means he was now become one of the beſt dreſſed men about town; and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a ſtate of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind, the proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more irkſome than to ſupport love with gratitude only; eſpecially when inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy caſe of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous paſſion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of deſire; but was now entered at leaſt into the autumn

of life; though ſhe wore all the gaiety of youth both in her dreſs and manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the roſes in her cheeks; but theſe, like flowers forced out of ſeaſon by art, had none of that lively blooming freſhneſs with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, beſides, a certain imperfection, which renders ſome flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderneſs of ſweets, and what above all others is moſt diſagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones ſaw all theſe diſcouragements on the one ſide, he felt his obligations full as ſtrongly on the other; nor did he leſs plainly diſcern the ardent paſſion whence thoſe obligations proceeded, the extreme violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worſe, he would have thought himſelf ſo. He knew the tacit conſideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his neceſſity obliged him to accept them, ſo his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This therefore he reſolved to do, whatever miſery it coſt him, and to devote himſelf to her, from that great principle of juſtice, by which the laws of ſome countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwiſe capable of diſcharging his debt, to become the ſlave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on theſe matters, he received the following note from the lady:

'A very fooliſh, but a very perverſe accident hath 'happened ſince our laſt meeting, which makes it 'improper I ſhould ſee you any more at the uſual 'place. I will, if poſſible, contrive ſome other 'place by to-morrow. In the mean time adieu.'

This diſappointment, perhaps, the reader may conclude, was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in leſs than an hour afterwards another

another note was brought him from the ſame hand, which contained as follows:

'I have altered my mind ſince I wrote; a change, which, if you are no ſtranger to the tendereſt of all paſſions, you will not wonder at. I am now reſolved to ſee you this evening at my own houſe, whatever may be the conſequence. Come to me exactly at ſeven; I dine abroad, but will be at home by that time. A day, I find, to thoſe that ſincerely love, ſeems longer than I imagined.

'If you ſhould accidentally be a few moments before me, bid them ſhew you into the drawing-room.'

To confeſs the truth, Jones was leſs pleaſed with this laſt epiſtle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earneſt entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendſhip. Theſe entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from ſome diſlike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance, And this ſort of fun our hero, we are aſhamed to confeſs, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may poſſibly be not a little ſurpriſed at the imprudence of Lady Bellaſton, in bringing her lover to the very houſe where her rival was lodged.

Firſt then, the miſtreſs of the houſe where theſe lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for ſome years a penſioner to that lady, was now become a methodiſt, and had that very morning waited up-

on her ladyſhip, and after rebuking her very ſeverely for her paſt life, had poſitively declared that ſhe would, on no account, be inſtrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of ſpirits into which this accident threw the lady, made her deſpair of poſſibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but as ſhe began a little to recover from her uneaſineſs at the diſappointment, ſhe ſet her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propoſe to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately conſented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewiſe diſpatched with Mrs. Etoff on the ſame errand of pleaſure; and thus her own houſe was left free for the ſafe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom ſhe promiſed herſelf two or three hours of uninterrupted converſation, after her return from the place where ſhe dined, which was at a friend's houſe in a pretty diſtant part of the town, near her old place of aſſignation, where ſhe had engaged herſelf before ſhe was well apprized of the revolution that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAP. X.

A chapter which, though ſhort, may draw tears from ſome eyes.

MR. Jones was juſt dreſſed to wait on Lady Bellaſton, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his company below ſtairs to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, ſhe preſently introduced a perſon to him, ſaying, 'This, Sir, is 'my couſin, who hath been ſo greatly beholden to 'your goodneſs, for which he begs to return you 'his ſincereſt thanks.'

The

The man had ſcarce entered upon that ſpeech, which Mrs. Miller had ſo kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhowed at once the utmoſt tokens of ſurpriſe. The voice of the latter began inſtantly to faulter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his ſpeech, he ſunk down into a chair; crying, 'It is ſo, I am convinced it is ſo!'

'Bleſs me, what's the meaning of this,' cries Mrs. Miller, 'you are not ill, I hope, couſin? Some 'water; a dram this inſtant.'

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries Jones, 'I have 'almoſt as much need of a dram as your couſin. 'We are equally ſurpriſed at this unexpected meet-'ing. Your couſin is an acquaintance of mine Mrs. 'Miller.'

'An acquaintance!' cries the man'——'Oh 'Heaven!'

'Ay, an acquaintance,' repeated Jones, 'and an 'honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love 'and honour the man who dares venture every thing 'to preſerve his wife and children from inſtant de-'ſtruction, may I have a friend capable of diſown-'ing me in adverſity.'

'O you are an excellent young man,' cries Mrs. Miller;—'yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ven-'tured every thing—If he had not had one of the 'beſt of conſtitutions, it muſt have killed him.'

'Couſin,' cries the man, who had now pretty well recovered himſelf; 'this is the angel from hea-'ven whom I meant. This is he to whom, before 'I ſaw you, I owed the preſervation of my Peggy. 'He it was to whoſe generoſity every comfort, every 'ſupport which I have procured for her was owing. 'He is indeed the worthieſt, braveſt, nobleſt of all 'human beings. O couſin, I have obligations to 'this gentleman of ſuch a nature!'—

'Mention nothing of obligations,' cries Jones eagerly; 'not a word, I inſiſt upon it, not a word.' (Meaning, I ſuppoſe, that he would not have him

betray the affair of the robbery to any perſon]—— 'If by the trifle you have received from me, I have 'preſerved a whole family, ſure pleaſure was never 'bought ſo cheap.'

'O Sir,' cries the man, 'I wiſh you could this 'inſtant ſee my houſe. If any perſon had ever a 'right to the pleaſure you mention, I am convinced 'it is yourſelf. My couſin tells me, ſhe acquainted 'you with the diſtreſs in which ſhe found us. That 'Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your 'goodneſs.—My children have now a bed to lie on, '—and they have—they have—eternal bleſſings 'reward you for it—they have bread to eat. My 'little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, 'and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, and 'to my couſin here, one of the beſt of women. In-'deed, Sir, I muſt ſee you at my houſe.—Indeed my 'wife muſt ſee you, and thank you. My children 'too muſt expreſs their gratitude. — Indeed, Sir, 'they are not without a ſenſe of their obligation; 'but what is my feeling when I reflect to whom I 'owe, that they are now capable of expreſſing their 'gratitude.—Oh, Sir! the little hearts which you 'have warmed had now been cold as ice without 'your aſſiſtance.—

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewiſe began to pour forth thankſgivings, as well in her own name, as in that of her couſin, and concluded with ſaying, ſhe doubted not but ſuch goodneſs would meet a glorious re-ward.

Jones anſwered, 'He had been ſufficiently re-'warded already. Your couſin's account, Madam, 'ſaid he, hath given me a ſenſation more pleaſing 'than I have ever known. He muſt be a wretch 'who is unmoved at hearing ſuch a ſtory; how 'tranſporting then muſt be the thought of having

'happily

'happily acted a part in this scene! If there are 'men who cannot feel the delight of giving happi-'ness to others, I sincerely pity them, as they are 'incapable of tasting what is in my opinion, a greater 'honour, a higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure, 'than the ambitious, the avaricious, or the volup-'tuous man can ever obtain.'

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a hasty leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his friend by the hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible; promising that he would himself take the first opportunity of visiting him at his own house. He then stept into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaston's, greatly exulting in the happiness which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful consequences which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the voice of strict justice than that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller sung forth the praises of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Henderson, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumstances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself, and avoided an indiscretion, which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely strict and nice in her principles. He was likewise well apprized of the loquacity of this lady; and yet such was his gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of discretion and shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumstances which might do the fullest honour to his benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

In which the reader will be ſurprized.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady, whoſe arrival was hindered not only by the diſtance of the place where ſhe dined, but by ſome other croſs accidents, very vexatious to one in her ſituation of mind. He was accordingly ſhewn into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came———no other than Sophia herſelf, who had left the play before the end of the firſt act; for this, as we have already ſaid, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties, had ſo terrified our heroine, that ſhe was glad to put herſelf under the protection of a young gentleman, who ſafely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellaſton had acquainted her that ſhe ſhould not be at home till late, Sophia expecting to find no one in the room, came haſtily in, and went directly to a glaſs which almoſt fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the ſtatue of Jones now ſtood motionleſs.—In this glaſs it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid ſtatue; when inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the reality of the viſion, upon which ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her and ſupport her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of theſe lovers is beyond my power. As their ſenſations, from their mutual ſilence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed, that I ſhould be able to expreſs them; and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have

been

been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what paſſed at this time in theirs.

After a ſhort pauſe, Jones, with faultering accents, ſaid,——'I ſee, Madam, you are ſurprized.'—— 'Surprized!' anſwered ſhe; 'Oh heavens! Indeed, 'I am ſurprized. I almoſt doubt whether you are 'the perſon you ſeem.' 'Indeed,' cries he, 'my 'Sophia, pardon me, Madam, for this once calling 'you ſo, I am that very wretched Jones, whom 'fortune, after ſo many diſappointments, hath, at 'laſt, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, 'did you know the thouſand torments I have ſuf-'fered in this long, fruitleſs purſuit'——'Purſuit 'of whom?' ſaid Sophia, a little recollecting her-ſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved air.——'Can you be 'ſo cruel as to aſk that queſtion?' cries Jones. 'Need I ſay of you?' 'Of me!' anſwered Sophia: 'Hath Mr. Jones then any ſuch important buſineſs 'with me?' 'To ſome, Madam,' cries Jones, 'this 'might ſeem an important buſineſs,' (giving her the pocket-book). 'I hope, Madam, you will find it 'of the ſame value as when it was loſt.' Sophia took the pocket book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her, thus;——'Let us not, I beſeech 'you, loſe one of theſe precious moments which 'fortune hath ſo kindly ſent us—O my Sophia, I 'have buſineſs of a much ſuperior kind.—Thus, on 'my knees, let me aſk your pardon.'—'My par-'don,' cries ſhe:—'Sure, Sir, after what is paſt, 'you cannot expect, after what I have heard'—'I 'ſcarce know what I ſay,' anſwered Jones. 'By 'heavens! I ſcarce wiſh you ſhould pardon me. O 'my Sophia, henceforth never caſt away a thought 'on ſuch a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of 'me ſhould ever intrude to give a moment's uneaſi-'neſs to that tender boſom, think of my unworthi-'neſs; and let the remembrance of what paſſed at 'Upton blot me for ever from your mind.'—

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her face was

was whiter than ſnow, and her heart was throbbing through her ſtays. But at the mentioning of Upton, a bluſh aroſe in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my Sophia, my 'only love, you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more for 'what happened there, than I do myſelf: but yet do 'me the juſtice to think, that my heart was never un-'faithful to you. That had no ſhare in the folly 'I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. 'Though I deſpaired poſſeſſing you, nay, almoſt of 'ever ſeeing you more, I doated ſtill on your charm-'ing idea, and could *ſeriouſly* love no other woman. 'But if my heart had not been engaged, ſhe, into 'whoſe company I accidentally fell at that curſed 'place, was not an object of ſerious love. Believe 'me, my angel, I never have ſeen her from that 'day to this; and never intend, or deſire, to ſee her 'again.' Sophia, in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldneſs than ſhe had yet aſſumed; 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, do you take the trouble to make a de-'fence, where you are not accuſed? If I thought it 'worth while to accuſe you, I have a charge of an 'unpardonable nature indeed.'—'What is it, for 'heaven's ſake?' anſwered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with lady Bellaſton. 'Oh,' ſaid ſhe, 'how is it poſſible! can 'every thing noble, and every thing baſe, be lodged 'together in the ſame boſom?' Lady Bellaſton, and the ignominious circumſtances of having been *kept*, roſe again in his mind, and ſtopt his mouth from any reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded Sophia, 'ſuch treatment from you? nay from any 'gentleman, from any man of honour? to have my 'name traduced in public; in inns, among the 'meaneſt vulgar! to have any little favours that my 'unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me

'to

'to grant, boasted of there! nay, even to hear that 'you had been forced to fly from my love!'

Nothing could equal Jones's surprize at these words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much less embarrassed how to defend himself, than if she had touched that tender string, at which his conscience had been alarmed. By some examination he presently found, that her supposing him guilty of so shocking an outrage against his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and servants; for Sophia confessed to him, it was from them that she received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence so foreign to his character; but she had a great deal to hinder him from going instantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once swore he would do. This point being cleared up, they soon found themselves so well pleased with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the conversation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and she was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature: for before they were aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage. To which she replied, 'That, did not her 'duty to her father forbid her to follow her own 'inclinations, ruin with him would be more wel-'come to her, than the most affluent fortune with 'another man.' At the mention of the word ruin he started, let drop her hand, which he had held for some time, and striking his breast with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin thee! No; 'by heavens, no! I never will act so base a part. 'Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me, I will re-'nounce you; I will give you up: I will tear all 'such hopes from my heart, as are inconsistent with 'your real good. My love I will ever retain, but 'it shall be in silence; it shall be at a distance from 'you;

'you; it shall be in some foreign land; from whence 'no voice, no sigh of my despair, shall ever reach 'and disturb your ears. And when I am dead'—— He would have gone on, but was stopt by a flood of tears which Sophia let fall in his bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one word. He kissed them off, which, for some moments, she allowed him to do, without any resistance; but then recollecting herself, gently withdrew out of his arms; and, to turn the discourse from a subject too tender, and which she found she could not support, bethought herself to ask him a question she never had time to put to him before, 'How he came into that room?' He begun to stammer, and would, in all probability, have raised her suspicions by the answer he was going to give, when, at once, the door opened, and in came lady Bellaston.

Having advanced a few steps, and seeing Jones and Sophia together, she suddenly stopt; when after a pause of a few moments, recollecting herself with admirable presence of mind, she said,—though with sufficient indications of surprize both in voice and countenance——'I thought, Miss Western, you had 'been at the play?'

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had discovered her, yet as she had not the least suspicion of the real truth, or that Jones and lady Bellaston were acquainted, so she was very little confounded: and the less, as the lady had, in all their conversations on the subject, entirely taken her side against her father. With very little hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole story of what had happened at the playhouse, and the cause of her hasty return.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaston an opportunity of rallying her spirits, and of considering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, she put on an air of good-humour, and said,

'I should

'I ſhould not have broke in ſo abruptly upon 'you, Miſs Weſtern, if I had known you had 'company.'

Lady Bellaſton fixed her eyes on Sophia whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overſpread with bluſhes and confuſion, anſwered, in a ſtammering voice, 'I am ſure, Ma-'dam, I ſhall always think the honour of your 'ladyſhip's company———' 'I hope, at leaſt,' cries lady Bellaſton, 'I interrupt no buſineſs.'——'No, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'our buſineſs was 'at an end. Your ladyſhip may be pleaſed to re-'member, I have often mentioned the loſs of my 'pocket-book, which this gentleman having very 'luckily found, was ſo kind to return it to me with 'the bill in it.'

Jones, ever ſince the arrival of lady Bellaſton, had been ready to ſink with fear. He ſat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby Squire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a hint from the behaviour of lady Bellaſton, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the ſtranger on his part. He ſaid, 'Ever ſince he had 'the pocket-book in his poſſeſſion, he had uſed great 'diligence in enquiring out the lady whoſe name 'was writ in it; but never till that day could be ſo 'fortunate to diſcover her.'

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loſs of her pocket-book to lady Bellaſton; but as Jones, for ſome reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one ſyllable of what Sophia now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickneſs of the young lady, in inventing ſuch an excuſe. The reaſon of Sophia's leaving the playhouſe met with no better credit; and though ſhe could not account for the meeting between

theſe

these two lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected smile, therefore, she said—'Indeed, Miss Western, you have had very good luck 'in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into 'the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to discover to whom it belonged. I think 'you would not consent to have it advertised.——It 'was great good fortune, Sir, that you found out to 'whom the note belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries Jones, 'it was inclosed in a 'pocket-book, in which the young lady's name was 'written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the lady; 'and it was no less so, that you heard Miss Western 'was at my house; for she is very little known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his spirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of satisfying Sophia, as to the question she had asked him just before lady Bellaston came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, Madam,' answered he, 'it was by the luckiest 'chance imaginable I made this discovery. I was 'mentioning what I had found, and the name of the 'owner, the other night, to a lady at the masquerade, 'who told me, she believed she knew where I might 'see Miss Western; and if I would come to her 'house the next morning, she would inform me. 'I went according to her appointment, but she was 'not at home; nor could I ever meet with her till 'this morning, when she directed me to your lady-'ship's house. I came accordingly, and did myself 'the honour to ask for your ladyship; and upon my 'saying that I had very particular business, a servant 'shewed me into this room; where I had not been 'long before the young lady returned from the 'play.'

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he looked very slyly at lady Bellaston, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia; for she was visibly too much confounded

founded to make any obſervations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and ſhe was ſilent; when Jones, who ſaw the agitations of Sophia's mind, reſolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring: but before he did this, he ſaid, 'I believe, Madam, it is cuſtomary to give ſome reward 'on theſe occaſions;—I muſt inſiſt on a very high one 'for my honeſty;—it is, Madam, no leſs than the 'honour of being permitted to pay another viſit 'here.'

'Sir,' replied the lady, 'I make no doubt that 'you are a gentleman, and my doors are never ſhut 'to people of faſhion.'

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own ſatisfaction, and no leſs to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed leſt lady Bellaſton ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the ſtairs Jones met his old acquaintance Mrs. Honour, who, notwithſtanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred to behave with great civility. This meeting proved indeed a lucky circumſtance, as he communicated to her the houſe where he lodged, with which Sophia was acquainted.

CHAP. XII.

In which the thirteenth book is concluded.

THE elegant lord Shaftſbury ſomewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome caſes, to lie, is not only excuſable but commendable.

And ſurely there are no perſons who may ſo properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and, above all, the ſanction, nay, I may ſay, the neceſſity of cuſtom, by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt impulſes of nature (for that

that would be a fooliſh prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not therefore aſhamed to ſay, that our heroine now purſued the dictates of the above-mentioned right honourable philoſopher. As ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied then, that lady Bellaſton was ignorant of the perſon of Jones, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaſton cry'd, 'Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow; 'I wonder who he is: for I don't remember ever 'to have ſeen his face before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia; 'I muſt 'ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to my 'note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handſome fellow,' ſaid the lady; 'don't you think ſo?'

'I did not take much notice of him,' anſwered Sophia; 'but I thought he ſeemed rather aukward 'and ungenteel than otherwiſe.'

'You are extremely right,' cries lady Bellaſton: 'You may ſee, by his manner, that he hath not kept 'good company. Nay, notwithſtanding his return-'ing your note, and refuſing the reward, I almoſt 'queſtion whether he is a gentleman.——I have al-'ways obſerved there is a ſomething in perſons well-'born, which others can never acquire——I think I 'will give orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay ſure, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'one can't 'ſuſpect after what he hath done:——Beſides, if 'your ladyſhip obſerved him, there was an elegance 'in his diſcourſe, a delicacy, a prettineſs of expreſſion 'that, that—'

'I confeſs,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'the fellow hath 'words——And indeed, Sophia, you muſt forgive 'me, indeed you muſt.'

'I forgive your ladyſhip!' ſaid Sophia.

'Yes indeed you muſt,' anſwered ſhe laughing; for

'for I had a horrible ſuſpicion when I firſt came into 'the room—I vow you muſt forgive it; but I ſuſ-'pected it was Mr. Jones himſelf.'

'Did your ladyſhip indeed!' cries Sophia, bluſh-ing, and affecting a laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' anſwered ſhe; 'I can't ima-'gine what put it into my head: for, give the fel-'low his due, he was genteelly dreſt; which, I think, 'dear Sophy, is not commonly the caſe with your 'friend.'

'This raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a little cruel, 'lady Bellaſton, after my promiſe to your lady-'ſhip.'

'Not at all, child,' ſaid the lady:—'It would 'have been cruel before; but after you have pro-'miſed me never to marry without your father's 'conſent, in which you know is implied your giving 'up Jones, ſure you can bear a little raillery on a 'paſſion which was pardonable enough in a young 'girl in the country, and of which you tell me you 'have ſo entirely got the better. What muſt I think, 'my dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule 'even on his dreſs? I ſhall begin to fear you are 'very far gone indeed; and almoſt queſtion whether 'you have dealt ingenuouſly with me.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyſhip 'miſtakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on 'his account.'

'On his account!' anſwered the lady: 'You 'muſt have miſtaken me; I went no farther than his 'dreſs;—for I would not injure your taſte by any 'other compariſon—I don't imagine, my dear So-'phy, if your Mr. Jones had been ſuch a fellow as 'this—'

'I thought,' ſays Sophia, 'your ladyſhip had al-'lowed him to be handſome.'——

'Whom, pray?' cries the lady haſtily.

'Mr. Jones,' anſwered Sophia;—and immediately recollecting herſelf, 'Mr. Jones!——no, no; I aſk

'your

'your pardon;—I mean the gentleman who was juſt 'now here.'

'O Sophy! Sophy! cries the lady; 'this Mr. 'Jones, I am afraid, ſtill runs in your head.'

'Then upon my honour, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the 'gentleman who juſt now left us.'

'Upon my honour,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'I believe 'it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent rail-'lery; but I promiſe you I will never mention his 'name any more.'

And now the two ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellaſton, who would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not buſineſs of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt practice of deceit: upon which when ſhe retired to her chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt uneaſineſs and conſcious ſhame. Nor could the peculiar hardſhip of her ſituation, and the neceſſity of the caſe, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falſehood, however qualified by circumſtances. Nor did this thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her eyes during the whole ſucceeding night.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAP. I.

An eſſay to prove that an author will write the better, for having ſome knowledge of the ſubject on which he writes.

AS ſeveral gentlemen in theſe times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of learning, perhaps, without being well able

able to read, have made a conſiderable figure in the republic of letters; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to aſſert, that all kind of learning is entirely uſeleſs to a writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural ſprightlineſs and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from ſoaring to thoſe high flights which otherwiſe it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at preſent, carried much too far: for why ſhould writing differ ſo much from all other arts? The nimbleneſs of a dancing-maſter is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exerciſe his tools the worſe by knowing how to uſe them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if, inſtead of being maſters of all the learning of their times, they had really been as ignorant as moſt of the authors of the preſent age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt could have produced thoſe orations that have made the ſenate of England in theſe our times a rival in eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been ſo well read in the writings of Demoſthenes and Cicero, as to have transfuſed their whole ſpirit into his ſpeeches, and with their ſpirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be underſtood to inſiſt on the ſame fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero perſuades us is neceſſary to the compoſition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, neceſſary to the poet, leſs to the critic, and the leaſt of all to the politician. For the firſt, perhaps, Byſhe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may ſuffice; for the ſecond, a moderate heap of plays; and for the laſt, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To ſay the truth, I require no more than that a man ſhould have ſome little knowledge of the ſubject on which

which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *quam quiſque norit artem in ea ſe exerceat.* With this alone a writer may ſometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other learning in the world will ſtand him in little ſtead.

For inſtance, let us ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil, Ariſtotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their ſeveral talents to have compoſed a treatiſe on the art of dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatiſe which Mr. Eſſex hath given us on that ſubject, entitled, 'The Rudiments of genteel Education.' And, indeed, ſhould the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to ſet fiſt to paper, and to complete the aboveſaid rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of athletics, I queſtion whether the world will have any cauſe to lament, that none of the great writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and uſeful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in ſo plain a caſe, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reaſon why many Engliſh writers have totally failed in deſcribing the manners of upper life, may poſſibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the ſtage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former, will almoſt always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himſelf upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from theſe models better ſupported. Vanburgh and Congreve copied Nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the preſent age, as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dreſſes of Titian and of Vandyke. In ſhort, imitation here will not do the buſineſs. The picture muſt be after Nature herſelf. A true knowledge

knowledge of the world is gained only by converſation, and the manners of every rank muſt be ſeen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be ſeen, like all the reſt of the human ſpecies, for nothing, in the ſtreets, ſhops, and coffee-houſes: nor are they ſhewn like the upper rank of animals, for ſo much a piece. In ſhort, this is a ſight to which no perſons are admitted, without one or other of theſe qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune, or what is equivalent to both, the honourable profeſſion of a gameſter. And, very unluckily for the world, perſons ſo qualified very ſeldom care to take upon themſelves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer ſort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of ſtock to ſet up with.

Hence thoſe ſtrange monſters in lace and embroidery, in ſilks and brocades, with vaſt wigs and hoops; which under the name of lords and ladies, ſtrut the ſtage, to the great delight of attornies and their clerks in the pit, and the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life, than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But, to let my reader into a ſecret, this knowledge of upper life, though very neceſſary for the preventing miſtakes; is no very great reſource to a writer whoſe province is comedy, or that kind of novel, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic claſs.

What Mr. Pope ſays of women is very applicable to moſt in this ſtation, who are indeed ſo entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at leaſt, none which appears. I will venture to ſay the higheſt life is much the dulleſt, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower ſpheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the purſuit of

ambition, and the fewer ſtill who have a reliſh for pleaſure, all is vanity and ſervile imitation. Dreſſing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and courteſying, make up the buſineſs of their lives.

Some there are however of this rank, upon whom paſſion exerciſes its tyrrany, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum preſcribes; of theſe, the ladies are as much diſtinguiſhed by their noble intrepidity, and a certain ſuperior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is by the elegance and delicacy of her ſentiments from the honeſt wife of a yeoman or ſhopkeeper. Lady Bellaſton was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of faſhion, or that we mean to repreſent them as ſuch. They might as well ſuppoſe that every clergyman was repreſented by Thwackum, or every ſoldier by enſign Northerton.

There is not indeed a greater error than that which univerſally prevails among the vulgar, who borrowing their opinion from ſome ignorant ſatiriſts, have affixed the character of lewdneſs to theſe times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was leſs of love-intrigue carried on among perſons of condition, than now. Our preſent women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to deſpiſe the pleaſures of love as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards, by the care of ſuch mothers, married without having huſbands, they ſeem pretty well confirmed in the juſtneſs of thoſe ſentiments; whence they content themſelves, for the dull remainder of life, with the purſuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childiſh amuſements, the bare mention of which would ill ſuit with the dignity of this hiſtory. In my humble opinion, the true characteriſtic of the preſent *beau monde*, is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deſerves is that of *frivolous*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours.

JONES had not long been at home, before he received the following letter.

'I was never more ſurprized than when I found 'you was gone. When you left the room, I little 'imagined you intended to have left the houſe with-'out ſeeing me again. Your behaviour is all of a 'piece, and convinces me how much I ought to de-'ſpiſe a heart which can doat upon an idiot; though 'I know not whether I ſhould not admire her cun-'ning more than her ſimplicity: wonderful both! 'For though ſhe underſtood not a word of what 'paſſed between us, ſhe yet had the ſkill, the aſſur-'ance, the ——— what ſhall I call it? to deny to 'my face, that ſhe knows you, or ever ſaw you be-'fore.—Was this a ſcheme laid between you, and 'have you been baſe enough to betray me?—O how 'I deſpiſe her, you, and all the world, but chiefly 'myſelf! for—I dare not write what I ſhould after-'wards run mad to read; but remember, I can deteſt 'as violently as I have loved.'

Jones had but little time given him to reflect on this letter, before a ſecond was brought him from the ſame hand; and this, likewiſe, we ſhall ſet down in the preciſe words.

'When you conſider the hurry of ſpirits in which 'I muſt have writ, you cannot be ſurprized at any 'expreſſions in my former note.——Yet, perhaps, on 'reflection, they were rather too warm. At leaſt I 'would, if poſſible, think all owing to the odious 'playhouſe, and to the impertinence of a fool, which 'detained me beyond my appointment.—How eaſy 'is it to think well of thoſe we love?—Perhaps you 'deſire I ſhould think ſo. I have reſolved to ſee you 'to-night; ſo come to me immediately.

'P. S. I have ordered to be at home to none but 'yourſelf.

'P. S. Mr. Jones will imagine I ſhall aſſiſt him 'in his defence; for I believe he cannot deſire to im-'poſe on me more than I deſire to impoſe on myſelf.

'P. S. Come immediately.'

To the men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave greateſt uneaſineſs to Jones Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more viſits that evening, unleſs to one ſingle perſon. However he thought his honour engaged; and had not this been motive ſufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of Lady Bellaſton into that flame of which he had reaſon to think it ſuſceptible, and of which he feared the conſequence might be a diſcovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After ſome diſcontented walks therefore about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own preſence. She entered the room very diſordered in her dreſs, and very diſcompoſed in her looks, and threw herſelf into a chair, where, having recovered her breath, ſhe ſaid, —— 'You ſee, Sir, when women have gone one length 'too far, they will ſtop at none. If any perſon 'would have ſworn this to me a week ago, I would 'not have believed it of myſelf.' 'I hope, madam,' ſaid Jones, 'my charming lady Bellaſton will be as 'difficult to believe any thing againſt one who is ſo 'ſenſible of the many obligations ſhe hath conferred 'upon him.' 'Indeed!' ſays ſhe, 'ſenſible of obli-'gations! did I expect to hear ſuch cold language 'from Mr. Jones!' 'Pardon me, my dear angel,' 'ſaid he, if after the letters I have received, the ter-'rors of your anger, though I know not how I 'have deſerved it'——'and have I then,' ſays ſhe with a ſmile, 'ſo angry a countenance?—have I 'really brought a chiding face with me?'——'if

'there

'there be honour in man,' ſaid he, 'I have done no-
'thing to merit your anger. —— You remember
'the appointment you ſent me—I went in purſuance
——'I beſeech you, cried ſhe, 'do not run through
'the odious recital ——anſwer me but one queſtion,
'and I ſhall be eaſy—have you not betrayed my ho-
'nour to her?'—Jones fell upon his knees, and be-
gan to utter the moſt violent proteſtations, when Par-
tridge came dancing and capering into the room, like
one drunk with joy, crying out, , ſhe's found! ſhe's
'found!——here, Sir, here, ſhe's here:—Mrs. Ho-
'nour is upon the ſtairs.' 'Stop her a moment,'
cries Jones. — Here, madam,' ſtep behind the bed,
'I have no other room nor cloſet, nor place on earth
'to hide you in; ſure never was ſo damn'd an acci-
'dent.'——'D—n'd indeed!' ſaid the lady, as ſhe
went to her place of concealment; and preſently af-
terwards in came Mrs. Honour. 'Heyday!' ſays ſhe,
'Mr. Jones, what's the matter? —that impudent
'raſcal your ſervant, would ſcarce let me come up
'ſtairs. I hope he hath not the ſame reaſon now
'to keep me from you as he had at Upton.— I ſup-
'poſe you hardly expected to ſee me; but you have
'certainly bewitched my lady. Poor dear young
'lady! to be ſure, I loves her as tenderly as if ſhe was
'my own ſiſter. Lord have mercy upon you, if you
'don't make her a good huſband! and to be ſure if
'you do not, nothing can be bad enough for you.'
Jones begged her only to whiſper, for that there was
a lady dying in the next room. : A Lady!' cries ſhe;
'ay, I ſuppoſe one of your ladies —O Mr. Jones!
'there are too many of them in the world; I believe
'we are got into the houſe of one, for my lady Bella-
ſton I darſt to ſay is no better than ſhe ſhould be.' —
'Huſh! huſh!' cries Jones, 'every word is over-
'heard in the next room.' 'I don't care a farthing,'
cries Honour, 'I ſpeaks no ſcandal of any one; but
'to be ſure the ſervants makes no ſcruple of ſaying as
'how her ladyſhip meets men at another place, where

'the houſe goes under the name of a poor gentlewo-
'man, but her ladyſhip pays the rent, and many's the
'good thing beſides, they ſay, ſhe hath of her.'—Here Jones, after expreſſing the utmoſt uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop her mouth.—'hey-day! why ſure Mr. Jones 'you will let me ſpeak, I ſpeaks no ſcandal, for I 'only ſays what I heard from others,—and thinks I 'to myſelf much good may it do the gentlewoman 'with her riches, if ſhe comes by it in ſuch a wicked 'manner. To be ſure it is better to be poor and 'honeſt.' 'The ſervants are villians,' cries Jones, 'and abuſe their lady unjuſtly.'—'Ay to be ſure, ſer-'vants are always villians, and ſo my lady ſays, and 'won't hear a word of it'.—'No, I am convinced,' ſays Jones, 'my Sophia is above liſtening to ſuch 'baſe ſcandal.' 'Nay, I believe it is no ſcandal nei-'ther,' cries Honour, 'for why ſhould ſhe meet me n 'at another houſe?—it can never be for any good: 'for if ſhe had a lawful deſign of being courted, as to 'be ſure any lady may lawfully give her company 'to men upon that account; why, where can be the 'ſenſe?—'I proteſt,' cries Jones, 'I can't hear all 'this of a lady of ſuch honour, and a relation of So-'phia; beſides you will diſtract the poor lady in the 'next room——let me intreat you to walk with me 'down ſtairs.'—'Nay, Sir, if you won't let me 'ſpeak, I have done—here, Sir, is a letter from my 'young lady—what would ſome men give to have 'this? but, Mr. Jones, I think you are not over and 'above generous, and yet I have heard ſome ſervants 'ſay—but I am ſure you will do me the juſtice to 'own I never ſaw the colour of your money.' Here Jones haſtily took the letter, and preſently after ſlipt five pieces into her hand. He then returned a thouſand thanks to his dear Sophia in a whiſper, and begged her to leave him to read her letter; ſhe preſently departed, not without expreſſing much greatful ſenſe of his generoſity.

Lady Bellaſton now came from behind the cur-

tain

tain. How ſhall I deſcribe her rage? Her tongue was at firſt incapable of utterance; but ſtreams of fire darted from her eyes, and well indeed they might, for her heart was all in a flame. And now as ſoon as her voice found way, inſtead of expreſſing any indignation againſt Honour, or her own ſervants, ſhe began to attack poor Jones. 'You ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I have ſacrificed to you, my repu-'tation, my honour,—gone for ever! and what re-'turn have I found? neglected, ſlighted for a coun-'try girl, for an idiot,'—'What neglect, madam, 'or what ſlight,' cries Jones, 'have I been guilty 'of?'—'Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is in vain to diſ-'ſemble; if you will make me eaſy, you muſt en-'tirely give her up; and as a proof of your inten-'tion, ſhew me the letter.'——'What letter, ma-'dam?' ſaid Jones. 'Nay, ſurely,' ſaid ſhe, 'you 'cannot have the confidence to deny your having 'received a letter by the hands of that trollop.' 'And can your ladyſhip,' cries he, 'aſk of me what 'I muſt part with my honour before I grant? Have 'I acted in ſuch a manner by your ladyſhip? Could 'I be guilty of betraying this poor innocent girl to 'you, what ſecurity could you have, that I ſhould 'not act the ſame part by yourſelf? A moment's 'reflection will, I am ſure, convince you, that a 'man with whom the ſecrets of a lady are not 'ſafe, muſt be the moſt contemptible of wretches.' 'Very well,' ſaid ſhe—'I need not inſiſt on your 'becoming this contemptible wretch in your own 'opinion; for the inſide of the letter could inform 'me of nothing more than I know already. I ſee 'the footing you are upon.'—Here enſued a long converſation, which the reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inſerting at length. It ſhall ſuffice therefore to inform him, that Lady Bellaſton grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his proteſta-tions, that his meeting with Sophia that evening was

merely accidental, and every other matter which the reader already knows, and which as Jones ſet before her in the ſtrongeſt light, it is plain that ſhe had in reality no reaſon to be angry with him.

She was not, however, in her heart, perfectly ſatisfied with his refuſal to ſhew her the letter; ſo deaf are we to the cleareſt reaſon, when it argues againſt our prevailing paſſions. She was indeed well convinced that Sophia poſſeſſed the firſt place in Jones's affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this lady was, ſhe ſubmitted at laſt to bear the ſecond place; or to expreſs it more properly in a legal phraſe, was contented with the poſſeſſion of that which another woman had the reverſion.

It was at length agreed, that Jones ſhould for the future viſit at the houſe: for that Sophia, her maid, and all the ſervants, would place theſe viſits to the account of Sophia; and that ſhe herſelf would be conſidered as the perſon impoſed upon.

This ſcheme was contrived by the lady, and highly reliſhed by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a proſpect of ſeeing his Sophia at any rate; and the lady herſelf was not a little pleaſed with the impoſition on Sophia, which Jones, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly diſcover to her for his own ſake.

The next day was appointed for the firſt viſit, and then, after proper ceremonials, the Lady Bellaſton returned home.

CHAP. III.

Containing various matters.

JONES was no ſooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his letter, and read as follows.

'Sir, it is impoſſible to expreſs what I have ſuf-
'fered ſince you left this houſe; and as I have rea-
'ſon to think you intend coming here again, I have
'ſent Honour, though ſo late at night, as ſhe tells me
'ſhe knows your lodgings, to prevent you. I charge
'you

'you by all the regard you have for me, not to think 'of viſiting here; for it will certainly be diſcover- 'ed; nay, I almoſt doubt, from ſome things which 'have dropt from her ladyſhip, that ſhe is not al- 'ready without ſome ſuſpicion. Something favour- 'able perhaps may happen; we muſt wait with 'patience; but I once more entreat you, if you 'have any concern for my eaſe, do not think of re- 'turning hither.'

This letter adminiſtered the ſame kind of conſo- lation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Beſides diſappointing all the hopes which he promiſed to himſelf from ſeeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy dilemma, with re- gard to Lady Bellaſton; for there are ſome certain engagements, which, as he well knew, do very dif- ficultly admit of any excuſe for the failure; and to go, after the ſtrict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length, after much deliberation, which during that night ſupplied the place of ſleep, he determined to feign himſelf ſick: for this ſuggeſted itſelf as the only means of failing in the appointed viſit without incen- ſing Lady Bellaſton, which he had more than one reaſon for deſiring to avoid.

The firſt thing however which he did in the morning was to write an anſwer to Sophia, which he encloſed in one to Honour. He then diſpatched another to Lady Bellaſton, containing the above- mentioned excuſe; and to this he ſoon received the following anſwer:

'I am vexed that I cannot ſee you here this af- 'ternoon, but more concerned for the occaſion; 'take great care of yourſelf and have the beſt ad- 'vice, and I hope there will be no danger—I am 'ſo tormented all this morning with fools, that I 'have ſcarce a moment's time to write to you. Adieu.' 'P. S. I will endeavour to call on you 'this evening at nine.——Be ſure to be alone.'

Mr. Jones now received a viſit from Mrs. Miller, who, after ſome formal introduction, began the following ſpeech. 'I am very ſorry, Sir, to wait upon you on ſuch an occaſion; but I hope you will conſider the ill conſequence which it muſt be to the reputation of my poor girls, if my houſe ſhould once be talked of as a houſe of ill fame. I hope you won't think me therefore guilty of impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more ladies in at that time of night. The clock had ſtruck two before one of them went away.' 'I do aſſure you, madam,' ſaid Jones, 'the lady who was here laſt night, and who ſtaid the lateſt (for the other only brought me a letter) is a woman of very great faſhion, and my near relation.' 'I don't know what faſhion ſhe is of,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'but I am ſure no woman of virtue, unleſs a very near relation indeed, would viſit a young gentleman at ten at night, and ſtay four hours in his room with him alone; beſides, Sir, the behaviour of her chairmen ſhews what ſhe was; for they did nothing but make jeſts all the evening in the entry, and aſked Mr. Partridge in the hearing of my own maid, if madam intended to ſtay with his maſter all night; with a great deal of ſtuff not proper to be repeated. I have really a great reſpect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your own account, nay, I have a very high obligation to you for your generoſity to my couſin. Indeed I did not know how very good you had been till lately. Little did I imagine to what dreadful courſes the poor man's diſtreſs had driven him. Little did I think when you gave me the ten guineas, that you had given them to a highwayman! O heavens! what goodneſs have you ſhewn! how have you preſerved this family.—The character which Mr. Allworthy hath formerly given me of you, was, I find, ſtrictly true.—And indeed if I had no obligation

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'to you, my obligations to him are ſuch, that, on 'his account, I ſhould ſhew you the utmoſt reſpect 'in my power.—Nay, believe me, dear Mr. Jones, 'if my daughters and my own reputation were out 'of the caſe, I ſhould, for your own ſake, be ſorry 'that ſo pretty a young gentleman ſhould converſe 'with theſe women; but if you are reſolved to do 'it, I muſt beg you to take another lodging; for I 'do not myſelf like to have ſuch things carried on 'under my roof; but more eſpecially upon the ac-'count of my girls, who have little, heaven knows, 'beſides their characters to recommend them.' Jones ſtarted and changed colour at the name of Allworthy. 'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' anſwered he, a little warmly, 'I do not take this at all kind. I 'will never bring any ſlander on your houſe; but 'I muſt inſiſt on ſeeing what company I pleaſe in 'my own room; and if that gives you any offence, 'I ſhall, as ſoon as I am able, look for another 'lodging.' 'I am ſorry we muſt part then, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'but I am convinced Mr. Allworthy him-'ſelf would never come within my doors, if he had 'the leaſt ſuſpicion of my keeping an ill-houſe.'—'Very well, madam,' ſaid Jones.—'I hope, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are not angry; for I would not 'for the world offend any of Mr. Allworthy's fa-'mily. I have not ſlept a wink all night about 'this matter.'———I am ſorry I have diſturbed 'your reſt, madam,' ſaid Jones, 'but I beg you 'will ſend Partridge up to me immediately;' which ſhe promiſed to do, and then with a very low courteſy retired.

As ſoon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the moſt outrageous manner.—'How often,' ſaid he, 'am I to ſuffer for your folly, or rather for my 'own in keeping your? is that tongue of yours re-'ſolved upon my deſtruction?'—'What have I done, 'Sir?' anſwered affrighted Partridge. 'Who was 'it gave you authority to mention the ſtory of the 'robbery,

'robbery, or that the man you saw here was the 'person?'—'I, Sir!' cries Partridge. 'Now don't 'be guilty of a falshood in denying it,' said Jones. 'If I did mention such a matter,' answers Partridge, 'I am sure, I thought no harm: for I should not 'have opened my lips, if it had not been to his own 'friends and relations, who, I imagined, would have 'let it go no farther.'—'But I have a much heavier 'charge against you,' cries Jones, 'than this. How 'durst you, after all the precautions I gave you, 'mention the name of Mr. Allworthy in this house?' Partridge denied he ever had, with many oaths. 'How else,' said Jones, 'should Mrs. Miller be ac-'quainted that there was any connection between 'him and me? and it is but this moment she told 'me, she respected me on this account.'—'O Lord, 'Sir,' said Partridge, 'I desire only to be heard out; 'and to be sure, never was any thing so unfortunate; 'hear me but out, and you will own how wrong-'fully you have accused me. When Mrs. Honour 'came down stairs last night, she met me in the 'entry, and asked me when my master had heard 'from Mr. Allworthy; and to be sure Mrs. Miller 'heard the very words; and the moment Madam 'Honour was gone, she called me into the parlour 'to her.'—"Mr. Partridge," says she, "what Mr. "Allworthy is that the gentlewoman mentioned? is "it the great Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire?"—"Upon my word, Madam," says I, "I know "nothing of the matter."—"Sure," says she, "your "master is not the Mr. Jones I have heard Mr. "Allworthy talk of?"—"Upon my word, Ma-"dam," says I, "I know nothing of the matter."—"Then," says she, turning to her daughter, "Nancy," says she, "as sure as tenpence this is the "very young gentleman, and he agrees exactly with "the Squire's description."—The Lord above knows 'who it was told her; for I am the arrantest villain 'that ever walked upon two legs if ever it came out of

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'my mouth.—I promiſe you, Sir, I can keep a ſe-
'cret when I am deſired.—Nay, Sir, ſo far was I
'from telling her any thing about Mr. Allworthy,
'that I told her the very direct contrary: for though
'I did not contradict it at that moment, yet, as ſe-
'cond thoughts, they ſay, are beſt; ſo when I came
'to conſider that ſomebody muſt have informed her,
'thinks I to myſelf, I will put an end to the ſtory;
'and ſo I went back again into the parlour ſome
'time afterwards, and ſays I, "Upon my word,"
'ſays I, "whoever," ſays I, "told you that this
"gentleman was Mr. Jones; that is," ſays I, "that
"this Mr. Jones was that Mr. Jones, told you a con-
"founded lie: and I beg," ſays I, "you will never
"mention any ſuch matter," ſays I; "for my maſ-
"ter," ſays I, "will think I muſt have told you
"ſo;"—and I defy any body in the houſe, ever to
'ſay, I mentioned any ſuch word. To be certain,
'Sir, it is a wonderful thing, and I have been think-
'ing with myſelf ever ſince, how it was ſhe came to
'know it; not but I ſaw an old woman here t'other
'day a begging at the door, who looked as like her
'we ſaw in Warwickſhire, that cauſed all that miſ-
'chief to us. To be ſure it is never good to paſs by
'an old woman without giving her ſomething, eſpe-
'cially if ſhe looks at you; for all the world ſhall
'never perſuade me but that they have a great power
'to do miſchief, and to be ſure I ſhall never ſee an
'old woman again, but I ſhall think myſelf *infandum,*
'*regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*'

The ſimplicity of Partridge ſet Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed ſeldom any long duration in his mind; and inſtead of commenting on his defence, he told him he intended preſently to leave thoſe lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively peruſed by young people of both ſexes.

PARTRIDGE had no ſooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and after a ſhort ſalutation, ſaid, 'So, Tom, I hear you had com-'pany very late laſt night. Upon my ſoul, you are 'a happy fellow, who have not been in town above 'a fortnight, and can keep chairs waiting at your 'door till two in the morning.' He then ran on with much common-place raillery of the ſame kind, till Jones at laſt interrupted him, ſaying, 'I ſuppoſe 'you have received all this information from Mrs. 'Miller, who hath been up here a little while ago 'to give me warning. The good woman is afraid, 'it ſeems of the reputation of her daughters.' 'O 'ſhe is wonderfully nice,' ſays Nightingale, 'upon 'that account; if you remember, ſhe would not 'let Nancy go with us to the maſquerade.' 'Nay 'upon my honour, I think ſhe's in the right of it,' ſays Jones; however, I have taken her at her word, 'and have ſent Partridge to look for another lodging.' 'If you will,' ſays Nightingale, 'we may, I believe, 'be again together; for to tell you a ſecret, which I 'deſire you won't mention in the family, I intend 'to quit the houſe to-day.'——'What! hath Mrs. 'Miller given you warning too, my friend?' cries Jones. 'No,' anſwered the other; but the rooms 'are not convenient enough.— Beſides, I am grown 'weary of this part of the town. I want to be nearer 'the places of diverſion; ſo I am going to Pall mall.' 'And do you intend to make a ſecret of your going 'away?' ſaid Jones. 'I promiſe you,' anſwered Nightingale, 'I don't intend to bilk my lodgings; 'but I have a private reaſon for not taking a formal 'leave.' 'Not ſo private,' anſwered Jones, 'I pro-

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'miſe you, I have ſeen it ever ſince the ſecond day 'of my coming to the houſe.—Here will be ſome 'wet eyes on your departure.—Poor Nancy, I pity 'her, faith!—Indeed, Jack you have played the fool 'with that girl.—You have given her a longing, 'which, I am afraid, nothing will ever cure her of.' —Nightingale anſwered, 'What the devil would you 'have me do? Would you have me marry her to 'cure her?'—'No,' anſwered Jones; 'I would not 'have had you make love to her, as you have often 'done in my preſence. I have been aſtoniſhed at the 'blindneſs of her mother in never ſeeing it.' 'Pugh, 'ſee it!' cries Nightingale, 'What the devil ſhould 'ſhe ſee?' 'Why ſee,' ſaid Jones, 'that you have 'made her daughter diſtractedly in love with you. 'The poor girl cannot conceal it a moment, her eyes 'are never off from you, and ſhe always colours every 'time you come into the room. Indeed, I pity her 'heartily; for ſhe ſeems to be one of the beſt natured, 'and honeſteſt of human creatures.' 'And ſo,' anſwered Nightingale, 'according to your doctrine, 'one muſt not amuſe one's ſelf by any common gallantries with women, for fear they ſhould fall in 'love with us.' 'Indeed, Jack,' ſaid Jones, 'you 'wilfully miſunderſtand me; I do not fancy women 'are ſo apt to fall in love; but you have gone far beyond common gallantries.'—'What do you ſuppoſe,' ſays Nightingale, 'that we have been a-bed 'together?' 'No, upon my honour,' anſwered Jones, very ſeriouſly, 'I do not ſuppoſe ſo ill of you; nay, 'I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a 'regular premeditated ſcheme for the deſtruction of 'the quiet of a poor little creature, or have even foreſeen the conſequence: for I am ſure thou art a very 'good natured fellow; and ſuch a one can never be 'guilty of a cruelty of that kind; but at the ſame time 'you have pleaſed your own vanity, without conſidering that this poor girl was made a ſacrifice to it; 'and while you have had no deſign but of amuſing

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'an idle hour, you have actually given her reason to 'flatter herself, that you had the most serious designs 'in her favour. Prithee, Jack, answer me honestly: 'to what have tended all those elegant and luscious 'descriptions of happiness arising from violent and 'mutual fondness; all those warm professions of ten-'derness, and generous, disinterested love? did you 'imagine she would not apply them? Or speak in-'genuously, did not you intend she should?' 'Upon 'my soul, Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'I did not think 'this was in thee. Thou wilt make an admirable 'parson.—So, I suppose, you would not go to bed 'to Nancy now, if she would let you?'—'No,' cries Jones, 'may I be d—n'd if I would.' 'Tom, Tom,' answered Nightingale, 'last night; remember last 'night;

'—When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
'And silent stars shone conscious of the theft.'

'Lookee, Mr. Nightingale,' said Jones, 'I am no 'canting hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the gift of 'chastity, more than my neighbours. I have been 'guilty with women, I own it; but am not con-'scious that I have ever injured any.—Nor would I, 'to procure pleasure to myself, be knowingly the 'cause of misery to any human being.'

'Well, well,' said Nightingale, 'I believe you, 'and I am convinced you acquit me of any such 'thing.'

'I do, from my heart,' answered Jones, 'of hav-'ing debauched the girl, but not from having gained 'her affections.'

'If I have,' said Nightingale, 'I am sorry for it; 'but time and absence will soon wear off such im-'pressions. It is a receipt I must take myself: for 'to confess the truth to you,—I never liked any girl 'half so much in my whole life; but I must let you 'into the whole secret, Tom. My father hath pro-'vided a match for me, with a woman I never saw;

'and

'and ſhe is now coming to town, in order for me to 'make my addreſſes to her.'

At theſe words Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter; when Nightingale cried,—'Nay, prithee don't 'turn me into ridicule. The devil take me if I am 'not half mad about this matter. My poor Nancy! 'Oh Jones, Jones, I wiſh I had a fortune in my own 'poſſeſſion!'

'I heartily wiſh you had,' cries Jones; 'for if 'this be the caſe, I ſincerely pity you both: but ſure-'ly you don't intend to go away without taking your 'leave of her.'

'I would not,' anſwered Nightingale, 'undergo 'the pain of taking leave for ten thouſand pounds; 'beſides, I am convinced, inſtead of anſwering any 'good purpoſe, it would only ſerve to inflame my 'poor Nancy the more. I beg therefore, you would 'not mention a word of it to-day; and in the evening, 'or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart.'

Jones promiſed he would not; and ſaid, upon reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the moſt prudent method. He then told Nightingale, he ſhould be very glad to lodge in the ſame houſe with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale ſhould procure him either the ground floor, or the two pair of ſtairs; for the young gentleman himſelf was to occupy that which was between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we ſhall be preſently obliged to ſay a little more, was in the ordinary tranſactions of life a man of ſtrict honour, and what is more rare among young gentlemen of the town, one of ſtrict honeſty too; yet in affairs of love he was ſomewhat looſer in his morals; not that he was even here as void of principle as gentlemen ſometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of ſome indefenſible treachery to women, and had in a certain myſtery, called Making Love, practiſed many deceits, which, if he had uſed in trade,

he

he would have been counted the greateſt villain upon earth.

But as the world, I know not well for what reaſon, agree to ſee this treachery in a better light, he was ſo far from being aſhamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boaſt of his ſkill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts; for which he had before this time received ſome rebukes from Jones, who always expreſt great bitterneſs againſt any miſbehaviour to the fair part of the ſpecies, who, if conſidered, he ſaid, as they ought to be, in the light of the deareſt friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and careſſed with the utmoſt love and tenderneſs; but, if regarded as enemies, were a conqueſt of which a man ought rather to be aſhamed than to value himſelf upon it.

CHAP. V.

A ſhort account of the hiſtory of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this day ate a pretty good dinner for a ſick man, that is to ſay, the larger half of a ſhoulder of mutton. In the afternoon he received an invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea: for that good woman having learnt, either by means of Partridge, or by ſome other means natural or ſupernatural, that he had a connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no ſooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls ſent out of the room, than the widow, without much preface, began as follows: 'Well, there are very ſurprizing things 'happen in this world; but certainly it is a wonder-'ful buſineſs, that I ſhould have a relation of Mr. 'Allworthy in my houſe, and never know any thing 'of the matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what 'a friend that beſt of gentlemen hath been to me and 'mine. Yes, Sir, I am not aſhamed to own it; it

'is

'is owing to his goodneſs, that I did not long 'ſince periſh for want, and leave my poor little 'wretches, two deſtitute, helpleſs, friendleſs or-'phans, to the care, or rather to the cruelty of the 'world.

'You muſt know, Sir, though I am now reduced 'to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born 'and bred a gentlewoman. My father was an officer 'of the army, and died in a conſiderable rank: but 'he lived up to his pay; and as that expired with 'him, his family, at his death, became beggars. We 'were three ſiſters. One of us had the good luck to 'die ſoon after of the ſmall-pox: a lady was ſo kind 'as to take the ſecond out of charity, as ſhe ſaid, to 'wait upon her. The mother of this lady had been 'a ſervant to my grandmother; and having inherited 'a vaſt fortune from her father, which he had got 'by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of 'great eſtate and faſhion. She uſed my ſiſter ſo bar-'barouſly, often upbraiding her with her birth and 'poverty, calling her in deriſion a gentlewoman, 'that I believe ſhe at length broke the heart of the 'poor girl. In ſhort, ſhe likewiſe died within a 'twelvemonth after my father. Fortune thought 'proper to provide better for me; and within a 'month from his deceaſe I was married to a clergy-'man, who had been my lover a long time before, 'and who had been very ill uſed by my father on 'that account: for though my poor father could not 'give any of us a ſhilling, yet he bred us up as de-'licately, conſidered us, and would have had us 'conſider ourſelves as highly, as if we had been the 'richeſt heireſſes. But my dear huſband forgot all 'this uſage, and the moment we were become fa-'therleſs, he immediately renewed his addreſſes to 'me ſo warmly, that I, who always liked, and now 'more than ever eſteemed him, ſoon complied. 'Five years did I live in a ſtate of perfect happineſs 'with that beſt of men, 'till at laſt—Oh! cruel, cruel

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'fortune that ever ſeparated us, that deprived me of 'the kindeſt of huſbands, and my poor girls of the 'tendereſt parent!—O my poor girls! you never 'knew the bleſſing which ye loſt.—I am aſhamed, 'Mr. Jones, of this womaniſh weakneſs; but I ſhall 'never mention him without tears.'—'I ought ra-'ther, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'to be aſhamed that I 'do not accompany you.'—'Well, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'I was now left a ſecond time in a much worſe 'condition than before; beſides the terrible afflic-'tion I was to encounter, I had now two children to 'provide for; and was, if poſſible, more pennyleſs 'than ever, when that great, that good, that glorious 'man, Mr. Allworthy, who had ſome little acquaint-'ance with my huſband, accidentally heard of my 'diſtreſs, and immediately writ this letter to me. 'Here, Sir,—here it is; I put it into my pocket to 'ſhew it you. This is the letter, Sir; I muſt and 'will read it to you.

"Madam,

"I Heartily condole with you on your late griev-"ous loſs, which your own good ſenſe, and the "excellent leſſons you muſt have learnt from the "worthieſt of men, will better enable you to bear, "than any advice which I am capable of giving. "Nor have I any doubt that you, whom I have heard "to be the tendereſt of mothers, will ſuffer any im-"moderate indulgence of grief to prevent you from "diſcharging your duty to thoſe poor infants, who "now alone ſtand in need of your tenderneſs.

"However, as you muſt be ſuppoſed at preſent "to be incapable of much worldly conſideration, "you will pardon my having ordered a perſon to "wait on you, and to pay you twenty guineas, "which I beg you will accept 'till I have the plea-"ſure of ſeeing you, and believe me to be, Ma-"dam, &c."

'This

'This letter, Sir, I received within a fortnight 'after the irreparable loſs I have mentioned, and 'within a fortnight afterwards Mr. Allworthy,—the 'bleſſed Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a viſit, 'when he placed me in the houſe where you now 'ſee me, gave me a large ſum of money to furniſh 'it, and ſettled an annuity of 50 l. a year upon me, 'which I have conſtantly received ever ſince. Judge 'then, Mr. Jones, in what regard I muſt hold a be'nefactor, to whom I owe the preſervation of my 'life, and of thoſe dear children, for whoſe ſake 'alone my life is valuable.—Do not, therefore, think 'me impertinent, Mr. Jones, (ſince I muſt eſteem 'one for whom I know Mr. Allworthy hath ſo 'much value) if I beg you not to converſe with 'theſe wicked women. You are a young gentleman, 'and do not know half their artful wiles. Do not 'be angry with me, Sir, for what I ſaid upon ac'count of my houſe; you muſt be ſenſible it would 'be the ruin of my poor dear girls. Beſides, Sir, 'you cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. Allworthy 'himſelf would never forgive my conniving at ſuch 'matters, and particularly with you.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you need 'make no farther apology; nor do I in the leaſt take 'any thing ill you have ſaid: but give me leave, as 'no one can have more value than myſelf for Mr. 'Allworthy, to deliver you from one miſtake, which 'perhaps, would not be altogether for his honour: 'I do aſſure you, I am no relation of his.'

'Alas! Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I know you are not, 'I know very well who you are; for Mr. Allwor'thy hath told me all: but I do aſſure you, had you 'been twenty times his ſon, he could not have ex'preſſed more regard for you, than he hath often 'expreſſed in my preſence. You need not be 'aſhamed, Sir, of what you are; I promiſe you, 'no good perſon will eſteem you the leſs on that 'account. No, Mr. Jones; 'the words diſhonour-

'able

'able birth' are nonſenſe, as my dear, dear huſband 'uſed to ſay, unleſs the word 'diſhonourable' be 'applied to the parents; for the children can derive 'no real diſhonour from an act of which they are 'entirely innocent.'

Here Jones heaved a deep ſigh, and then ſaid, 'Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, 'and Mr. Allworthy hath thought proper to men-'tion my name to you; and ſince you have been ſo 'explicit with me as to your own affairs, I will ac-'quaint you with ſome more circumſtances concern-'myſelf.' And theſe Mrs. Miller having expreſſed great deſire and curioſity to hear, he began and related to her his whole hiſtory, without once mentioning the name of Sophia.

There is a kind of ſympathy in honeſt minds, by means of which they give an eaſy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and expreſt much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the ſtory, but Jones interrupted her: for as the hour of aſſignation now drew nigh, he began to ſtipulate for a ſecond interview with the lady that evening, which he promiſed ſhould be the laſt at her houſe; ſwearing, at the ſame time, that ſhe was one of great diſtinction, and that nothing but what was intirely innocent was to paſs between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones departed to his chamber, where he ſat alone till twelve o'clock, but no lady Bellaſton appeared.

As we have ſaid that this lady had a great affection for Jones, and as it muſt have appeared that ſhe really had ſo, the reader may perhaps wonder at the firſt failure of her appointment, as ſhe apprehended him to be confined by ſickneſs, a ſeaſon when friendſhip ſeems moſt to require ſuch viſits. This behaviour, therefore, in the lady, may by ſome be condemned as unna-

unnatural; but that is not our fault; for our buſineſs is only to record truth.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a ſcene which we doubt not will affect all our readers.

MR. Jones cloſed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing to any uneaſineſs which he conceived at being diſappointed by lady Bellaſton; nor was Sophia herſelf, though moſt of his waking hours were juſtly to be charged to her account, the preſent cauſe of diſpelling his ſlumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the beſt-natured fellows alive, and had all that weakneſs which is called compaſſion, and which diſtinguiſhes this imperfect character from that noble firmneſs of mind, which rolls a man, as it were, within himſelf, and, like a poliſhed bowl, enables him to run thro' the world, without being ſtopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compaſſionating the ſituation of poor Nancy, whoſe love for Mr. Nightingale ſeemed to him ſo apparent, that he was aſtoniſhed at the blindneſs of her mother who had more than once, the preceding evening, remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter, 'who from being,' ſhe ſaid, 'one of the 'liveliеſt, merrieſt girls in the world, was on a ſud-'den, become all gloom and melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all reſiſtance; and now, as if he had really been a deity, as the antients imagined, and an offended one too, he ſeemed to enjoy his dear-bought conqueſt. To ſpeak, ſimply, and without any metaphor, Mr. Jones ſlept 'till eleven the next morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the ſame quiet ſituation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now ſummoned, who, being aſked what was the matter, anſwered, 'that there was a 'dread-

'dreadful hurricane below ſtairs; that Miſs Nancy 'was in fits; and that the other ſiſter and the mother 'were both crying and lamenting over her.' Jones expreſſed much concern at this news, which Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by ſaying, with a ſmile, 'he 'fancied the young lady was in no danger of death; 'for that Suſan (which was the name of the maid) 'had given him to underſtand, it was nothing more 'than a common affair. In ſhort,' ſaid he, 'Miſs 'Nancy hath had a mind to be as wiſe as her mother; 'that's all. She was a little hungry, it ſeems, and ſo 'ſat down to dinner before grace was ſaid; and ſo 'there is a child coming for the Foundling Hoſpital.' —'Prithee leave thy ſtupid jeſting,' cries Jones; 'is 'the miſery of theſe poor wretches a ſubject of mirth? 'Go immediately to Mrs Miller, and tell her, I beg 'leave——Stay, you will make ſome blunder; I will 'go myſelf; for ſhe deſired me to breakfaſt with her.' He then roſe, and dreſſed himſelf as faſt as he could: And while he was dreſſing, Partridge, notwithſtanding many ſevere rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jeſts, on this occaſion. Jones was no ſooner dreſſed than he walked down ſtairs, and knocking at the door was preſently admitted, by the maid, into the outward parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid preſently brought a meſſage to Mr. Jones, 'that her miſtreſs hoped he would 'excuſe the diſappointment, but an accident had hap'pened, which made it impoſſible for her to have 'the pleaſure of his company at breakfaſt that day; 'and begged his pardon for not ſending him notice 'ſooner.' Jones deſired 'ſhe would give herſelf 'no trouble about any thing ſo trifling as his diſap'pointment; that he was heartily ſorry for the occa'ſion; and that if he could be of any ſervice to her, 'ſhe might command him.'

END of VOL. VII. of THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES.